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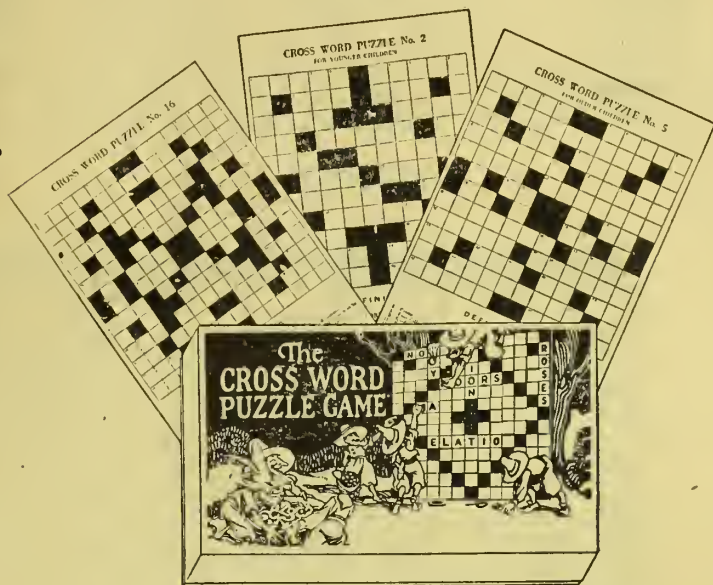
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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES
627 West 43d Street, New York City



DECEMBER 5, 1924

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PAGE 5



"But Colonel Culpepper's
shootin' on your target now.
Do you mean to say you
marked a miss?"

VIRTUE is its own self-fillin' reward. And sometimes you get that reward like you get card tricks on the radio.

The reward o' goin' A.W.O.L. from the Curly Wolf Division over in France was more tangible than virtue's, but no more nourishin'. The punishment I drew as the result of my little side trip to gay Paree certainly fitted the crime, like an ash can fits arm goldfish.

Last month I told you all about my fling in the Paris sector, and how I nearly ruined my buddin' military career as a buck private by lettin' myself be picked up by the Military Police when I was in the company of a phoney major general. They would of slammed

me in the Palais de Hoosegow on a diet of bread and water flavored with handcuff oil, if I hadn't been turned loose from captivity by a friendly M. P., one Mike Burleigh from my old home town of Skaggerack, N. J.

Winin' and dinin' with the frou-frous o' gay Paree was one thing. Prowlin' back to my old outfit in the Curly Wolf Division in the Vosges, without bein' picked off by R. T. O.'s or Pershing's Pinkertons, was a horse of a different livery stable. So long as I got back to my outfit without bein' pinched en route, I didn't care.

Well, I rushed out o' Paree without

A Heart Attack in Beautemps

A Buck O'Dee Story

By Eugene E. Morgan

Illustrated by Percy L. Crosby

bein' further cross-examined by the military pests. By that time the Armistice Day excitement had died down somewhat, and the natives was only ringin' the bells sixteen hours out o' twenty-four. I managed to hop a freight train which was bound for all points southeast. The voiture I rode in was a matchbox on wheels, which must of been used by Uncle Noah for a model when he was designin' the Ark. This box car was afflicted with fallin' arches and lame axles, and I don't know which of its wheels had the most corners. The sleepin' and drawin' room accommodations wasn't much to speak of, and it had the hauntin' aroma of eight horses and forty Senegalese—well, you know the bus, buddie!

At Dijon I hopped a friendly French motor truck bound for Blinquefort, and from there I hot-soled without further accident to the village of Beautemps, where B Company of my outfit had its headquarters.

Well, when I hit Beautemps, things were just as I expected, namely: it was still rainin', and the top kicker still had it in for me. Fortunate for me, when I reported I was still inside the A. W. O. L. time limit, so the first sergeant couldn't hang desertion on me, no matter how much he'd like to see me hang.

"So you're back, are yuh?" says the adjective general, registerin' contempt. "Well, Useless, consider yerself in arrest."

Considerin' everythin', that was the only thing I could do.

And from that time on I was busier than a flapper cow tryin' to bat flies after havin' its tail bobbed. The Skipper told the first sergeant to give me the limit in the way o' company punishment. I got it. In that outfit K. P. meant kontinuous perspiration. My



Smiles broadcasts to the world his intentions of framing a red-hot letter to his Congressman

principal job was to act as understudy for a donkey which was used to fetch wood to the rollin' kitchen. This donkey was handicapped owin' to his ignorance of American grammar and profanity. He was also of a very indifferent nature, and was content to let me carry the heavy firewood, while he only played the minor cords.

A month of this and I was pretty near ready to go over the hill, but one day the top-kicker conveyed to me the captain's uncomplimentary greetin's, and to inform me that I was free from arrest.

Ah, to be free once more!

THIS meant that I was free to drill with the company eight hours a day, to stand reveille, retreat and platoon sergeant's insults, to go on guard, to rise, shine, shave and polish, to be inspected by everybody from generals and visitin' allied officers to magazine sob sisters and cootie calibrators, to live in a shed from which the hogs had moved to healthier quarters—and at all times look as if I had just stepped out of a Broadway barber shop and Turkish bath. Also to obey a flock o' rules about not buyin' this and that from the natives, and keepin' within bounds and out o' the officers' estimats. Well, I can't begin to tell you *all* the things which made freedom ring in the Curly Wolf Division, when we was markin' time and crap game I. O. U.'s after the Armistice.

"Buck, the morale of this outfit is shot to pieces," complains my thirst-while comrade, 1st Class Private Smiley Updegraff, the mornin' I returned to my old squad as a full-fledged drill-hound in good standin'.

At the moment we was foregathered in the palatial pig-sty where the third platoon enjoyed all the comforts o' Teapot Dome.

"Who shot it to pieces?" I says, not mentionin' *my* morale, which looked like a plug hat after a riot at the hijackers' ball.

"Our colonel—he's entirely to blame," croaks Smiley, in his usual happy frame o' disposition. "He does nothin' all day long but drill the tar out o' us. He thinks the dam old guerre is still on. Or else he's tryin' to harden us for a campaign agin the bullsheviks. He puts us in arrest for singin' 'I Wanta Go Home' while marchin' at attention. He double times us to the rifle range and makes us shoot rain or shine—mostly rain. He thinks there's nothin' in life worth while but salutin' and snappin' into it. And the grub—oh, my poor belly!"

"Yup, it's tellin' on you, you over-stuffed sausage," I sympathizes.

"Is it, Buck?" he says with a dyin' cat expression.

"Sure. You've only gained twenty pounds since you joined this man's army. The effects o' this toil and starvation is showin' in your royal tomato-can flush and your Mexican track-walker's complexion. I hate to see you

when mess call commands 'charge' upon the old goulash cannon. You can't eat a thing. At least not more than a panatella-size elephant and six Newfoundland dawgs would consume at one sittin'. You can lick up more 'seconds' than a second-hand stop-watch. I hate to go near you when you're toyin' with a scuttle o' corned willie for fear you'll growl and snap at me."

But Smiles Updegraff ignores my jazzbo jibes.

"I tell you, men, it's an outrage the way the colonel is runnin' this outfit out o' gas," he yelps. "The war is over and such treatment ain't called for. But Colonel Culpepper will come down off his perch when I get through with him."

"What'll you do to the colonel, Smiley?" asks Private Sol Fishbein, with a knowin' wink to me.

"I'll write to my Congressman about it, that's what I'll do!"

WHEN our squad hears this they publishes a loud har-har, for this is the stock joke in B Company, ever since Smiley Updegraff first rated a pair of overseas dog tags. It seems that Smiley shook hands with his Congressman once at a clam chowder racket over in the States, and he can't forget it and he thinks the Congressman can't either. Whenever anything goes wrong in the outfit, which it usually does, Smiles broadcasts to the world his intention of framin' a red hot letter to his Congressman, layin' bare all the wrongs and injuries which is bein' suffered by voters from his district. Fortunately for General Pershing, Colonel Culpepper and certain others, Private Updegraff has always postponed writin' that letter for a spell—on account of his spellin', perhaps.

"Smiley, you give me a pain in my ankle," notes Corporal Wisceckowsky. "By the time your letter gets over to Washington, D. C., in one of Postmaster Burleson's snailsbags, this division will be climbin' aboard the transports for home."

"This is my turn to laugh," barks Smiley. "Don't you fellers ever read anything but the labels on the vin blink bottles? If you did, then you'd read in *The Stars and Stripes* that Congressman Jonathan W. Glucose was a member of a party of legislatures which had gone up to the front, and was now in Paris, preparin' a report on the A. E. F. to be submitted to Congress."

We all had to admit that we had overlooked this item in our hurry to glimp Wally's cartoon and the civilian clothin' ads.

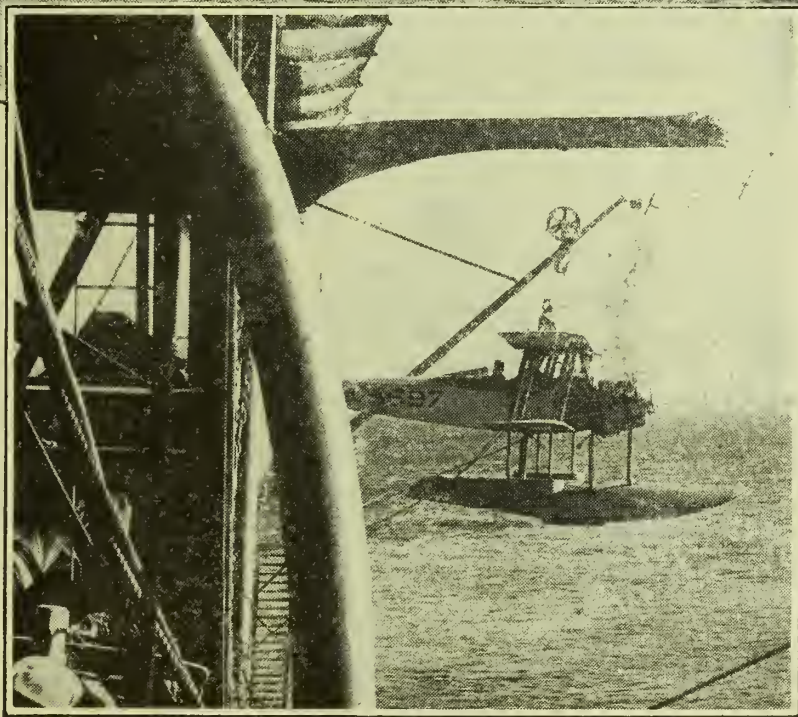
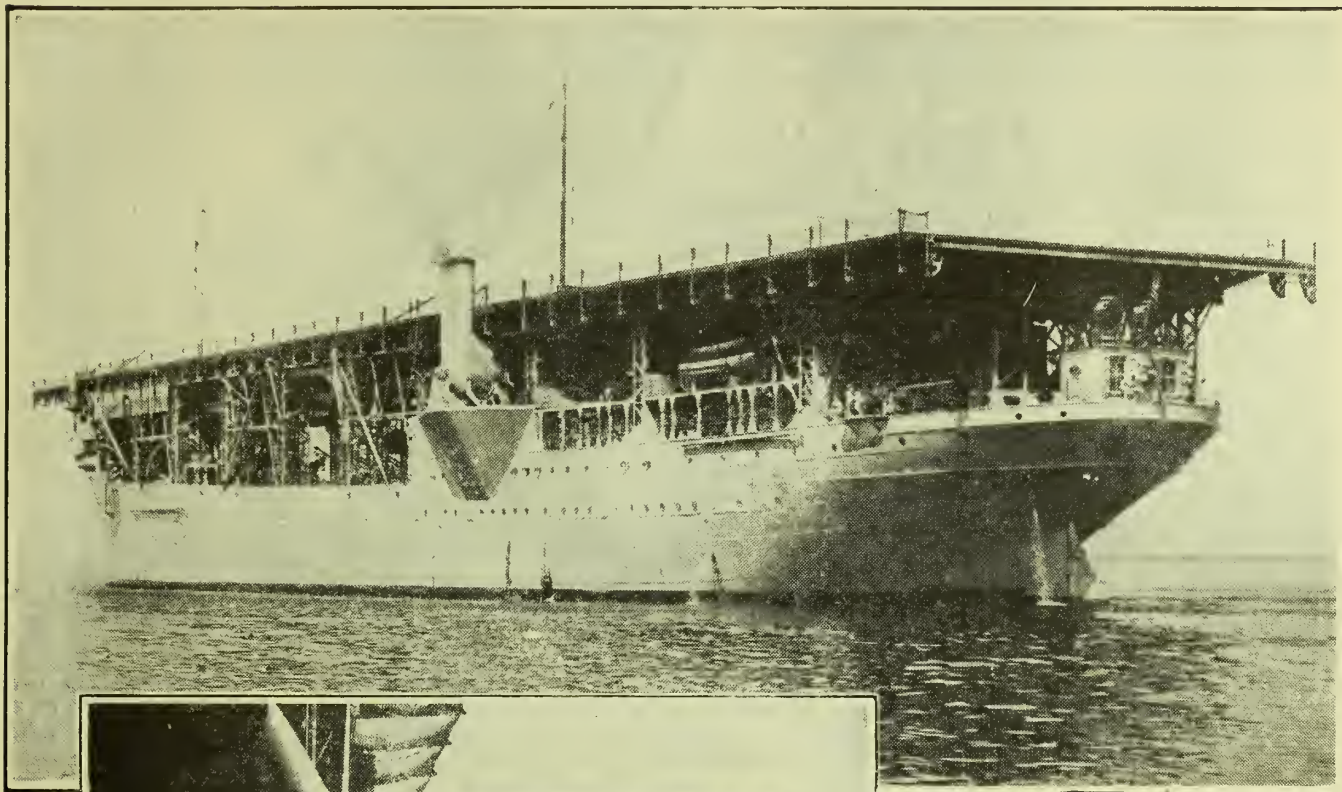
"Well," Smiley follows up in triumph, "all I gotta do now is to drop a letter to my Congressman in Paris—which I can send by a Q. M. driver if the censor doesn't pass it—and after the Hon. Glucose reads about the true conditions in this regiment, he'll yank that colonel of ours off his dignity so fast that his tin eagles will turn cuckoo. You know, there's nothin' which gets the fur-bearin' angora of a regular army officer like a peeved Congressman."

It relieved Smiley a whole lot to think that all he had to do was to grouch his Congressman in Paris in order to jerk the whole army inside out. But while he was mumblin' threats calculated to make a colonel shrink inside the

(Continued on page 16)

An Ark of Yankee Genius

By Charles Phelps Cushing



The U. S. S. *Langley*, strangest of the strange craft that range the seven seas. In its rôle of aviation experiment station and proving ground for Navy inventions, it presents an upper deck that is used as a landing field for planes when the askew smokestacks are folded down. At the left, a seaplane being hoisted over the side of the *Langley*

she is engaged; she also houses a museum of pictures of the evolution of airplanes, a floating pigeon farm and a sea-going weather bureau, a movie laboratory, a complete machine shop which is a paradise for naval inventors, an itinerant landing field for airplanes and a tank containing enough gasoline to blow up the entire state of New Jersey.

The crews that gather about her mess tables and in the ward rooms are a Noah's ark assortment of aviators, scientists and inventors, weather sharps, photographic experts, ornithologists and skilled mechanics, with just enough plain sailor men to navigate the ship and man four dinky five-inch guns. In short, the *Langley* is a floating laboratory; and it's perfectly natural that the "war game" bores most of her crew of scientists almost to distraction. How can they be inventing things and doing real research work when they have to keep chasing all over the map after the flagship and shooting off pop guns at "hostile" airplanes?

And, of course, the worst of it all is that whenever a "war game" is on, the "enemy" always picks on the *Langley* more than any other ship in the whole

TO any writer of humorous short stories who is seeking something highly original and a bit fantastic in the way of a plot we recommend a look into the recent adventures of the good ship *Langley*, airplane carrier of the Atlantic Fleet. In particular does the *Langley's* case deserve attention from our old friend Hugh Wiley of "Wildcat" fame, or from Richard Connell; to them this story would be simply duck meat.

The scenario opens when the Atlantic

Fleet gets orders to put to sea and participate in a "war game." The *Langley*, though nearly all aboard her greet that announcement with sighs of ennui—for this sort of naval drill means a month or two lost from inventions and discoveries—has to trail along after the eager battleships. This plane-carrier craft, you should understand, is, of all the ships afloat in North American waters, easily the most fantastic. The transportation of flying machines is only one of many services in which

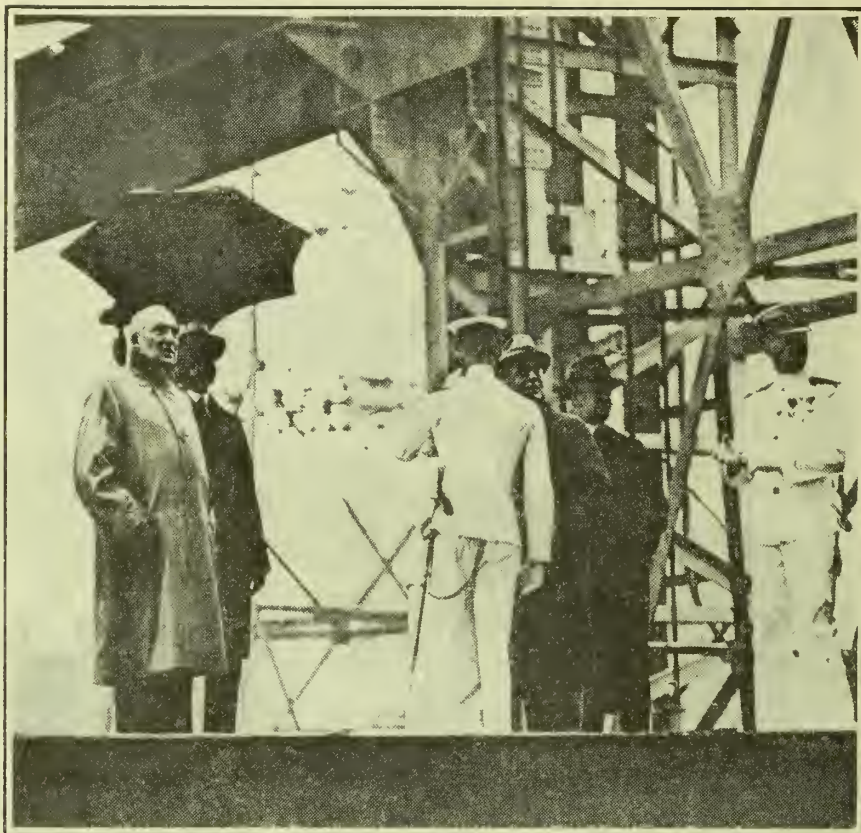
fleet; and the aviators in particular pester her nearly to death. You may recall an incident in point, of recent date, already chronicled in these pages, when an "enemy" airplane of the defense forces of the Panama Canal Zone discovered the whereabouts of the Atlantic Fleet by a piece of sheer luck, and flying over Chiriqui Lagoon bombarded and "sank" the good ship *Langley* with three ripe tomatoes. If that aviator had hurled anything else but tomatoes—or possibly overripe eggs—it wouldn't have sounded so ridiculous in print. But as things befell, even High Admiral Robert E. Coontz indulged himself in wisecracking on that occasion.

"Lucky it wasn't red paint," he told reporters, drily, "or something else that wouldn't wash off easily."

So it went, as it always goes with the *Langley*, in these innocent childish games. The "enemy" sank the plane carrier again a few days later, just outside the Atlantic entrance to the Panama Canal, and then there were more chuckles. Then the fleet steamed away toward Porto Rico, and there, in a new maneuver off Culebra Island, the *Langley* again was attacked and went down for the third and last time. All this while her crew was bored stiff, but had to grin and bear it; as who wouldn't when even the Old Man himself was known to be in on the heavy joshing.

BUT there is a serious side to the *Langley's* case as well as a humorous one, and pleading your kind indulgence we'll now proceed to the *Langley* in a low-necked sea-going launch to give the most interesting ship in the U. S. Navy a sober once-over.

As we view her this morning in the offing she looks as if a heavy blow had carried away her funnels and ripped the masts out of her hulk. But that is trick stuff; her funnels and masts are cleverly devised to telescope and fold away, so that her top deck is cleared of all obstructions when airplanes are to be landed on her after deck or to take off from her prow. Despite the kidding you sometimes hear about her, every man-jack in the fleet is at heart rather proud of that craft, and quite justly; and the moment you clamber aboard her and start upon your tour of inspection you begin to feel the same way. For here is more than a floating laboratory; here is a floating monu-



The late President Harding standing in the rain on the elevator of the *Langley* which brings planes from storage to the flying deck

ment to the triumph of Yankee inventive genius. Numerous tokens of that genius soon will greet your eye, devices for which some of our rivals would be willing to pay a fancy price; and the whole layout is a product 100 percent American. "Everything here is our own invention," the conducting officer remarks, "and everything our own make—most of it made right here aboard the ship."

'Midships is the machine shop, and never will you see a machine shop, ashore or afloat, which is more complete; everything here from a watchmaker's bench to huge lathes and a traveling crane big enough for a gun foundry. All electrically driven, too, even the ship's engines; in fact, this craft was the first electrically-driven ship in any navy. A system of big electric elevators hoists the planes to the top deck.

Below decks is storage space enough to transport a whole fleet of boxed airplanes, in deep cargo hatches that once were coal bunkers. The *Langley* originally was a collier, a sister ship, under the name of the *Jupiter*, to the mystery craft *Cyclops*, which sailed from Barbados one day in March of 1918 and never was heard of again. A little while after that disaster blue prints were drawn up for a plan to convert the *Jupiter* into an experimental model of airplane carrier, to be re-christened the *Langley*.

A happy choice that name was, too; a tardy but well-deserved honor for an American genius much ridiculed in his lifetime but much respected after his death, when the real value of his experiments as a student of mechanical flight were demonstrated to be sound. Thus the Navy paid tribute to the

memory of a civilian, a white-haired professor of astronomy who half his lifetime labored in comparative obscurity as secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. In the museum of photographs which lines the walls of a long corridor outside the skipper's quarters on board the *Langley*—the best selected exhibition of pictures of the evolution of airplanes now on view anywhere in the western hemisphere—you'll find the old professor's once-ridiculed craft in a place of honor.

The Navy Yard worked away at remodeling the *Jupiter* for nearly two years; the *Langley* today, complete with equipment, represents an investment of more than \$1,400,000. Into the bottom of what

used to be the coal bunkers was dumped a weight of cement and scrap iron and anchors and antique cannon balls such as you see around old soldiers' homes; but great cavernous spaces were left in which boxed airplanes may be stored. Another part of the space below decks is given over to storage for gasoline; the *Langley*, if need be, can transport a quarter of a million gallons, or half as much as is contained in one of those big mushroom tanks you see on shore.

Aft on the main deck, near where the flag flutters, is the floating pigeon farm. The ornithologists of this division are now training their fifth and sixth generations of sea-going carrier pigeons. The homing instinct of this flock is even more remarkable than that of land birds; you hear told, and in all seriousness, tales of how these pigeons will return to the ship at sea, or if she has moved in the meantime, will hover over a vacant watery berth until she comes back to it.

THE weather bureau looks a good deal like those ashore on the roofs of skyscrapers; the only sea change it appears to have suffered is that the quarters here are necessarily more compact. This department used to be of service only to the aviators aboard, but now it is coming to be called upon more and more by other ships of the fleet, whose skippers find that they can't always get all the information that they require about local conditions from far distant inland weather bureaus.

Up topside this morning all the deck is cleared. The masts are out of sight, the funnels folded down over the side and the handrail gone. Of what there

(Continued on page 21)

An Old Eye on a New Sight

JUST how large a handicap can a man work out from under? Is there a limit to his possibilities, outside his own limits of ambition and persistence?

The story of Martin T. Krakovec seems to indicate that, if there is a limit, it isn't on the side of using one's head to better his condition.

Krakovec was graduated from the Michigan College of Mines at Houghton last August. He had been there for four years and two months, under the auspices of the Marquette office of the United States Veterans Bureau. He was thirty-two when he entered the school, thirty-six when he was graduated. Foreign-born, he had never had an hour of education in this country until 1920. And he was graduated with the two degrees of Bachelor of Science and Engineer of Mines!

He comes of an adventurous strain, and he has lived up to the family tradition. Born in Bohemia, his father's native land, he lived as a boy not only in Bohemia, but also in Serbia and in Galicia, where his father's duties sent him as an officer of the Austrian service.

With a youth of living on the move, Martin Krakovec had none of the characteristics which hold a man in one place all his life. He liked what he heard of the United States; so, at eighteen, he pulled up stakes and came to this country. The Bohemians were never very happy under Austrian rule.

There was no distinguished career waiting ready-made for young Krakovec under the Stars and Stripes. He didn't like the cities, so he drifted to the coal fields of Wyoming, and worked there as a miner. The itching foot afflicted him, so he kept on roving. He was a timber foreman and miner in Montana for a while, a timber foreman in Arizona, and he had a look at Alaskan gold mines for a couple of years.

MEANWHILE, he had been developing the traits of a leader. In the Montana copper mines he was a leader among the men. He wanted the men to get what they felt was their due; but he stood, at the same time, for giving good service to the mining company. It was during this period that Martin Krakovec became known for ridding his community of a noted radical leader, who was going among the men preaching the un-American and unsound doctrine of sabotage—

destroying property for the sake of the damage it would do to the owners. Krakovec would not stand for that, and with several of the leaders who felt as he did about it he ejected the Red from the place.

Krakovec joined the colors in September of 1917. He went overseas with the 102d Machine Gun Battalion. His outfit got its first strafing in April of 1918. During the night of April 6th the Germans drove back the infantry. The machine gun outfit refused to retreat, and for six hours was almost surrounded. Then, after they had held back the German forces, the machine gunners were relieved by the advance of other troops. They had done their duty, and done it well.

On the Marne in July, Krakovec volunteered to help clean out a machine gun nest which was troubling his outfit. He blew up the nest, killed all but one of the Germans, and took the survivor prisoner.

So he got a promotion and received a Division citation. A little later he was wounded at Château Thierry, and after he got back to his outfit he was wounded again, this time in October.

AFTER he got back to this country, Krakovec was sent for training to a school of agriculture. But on his way he fainted from the after-effects of his wounds. He went to the hospital instead of to school. And while he was convalescing he changed his plans about his life work.

He had always been a miner. Why, he asked himself, should he change over to farming? Others advised him to keep on in the line he knew. So, when he was ready once more to be about his training, Martin T. Krakovec matriculated as a student at the Michigan College of Mines.

He lacked the preliminary education in American schools, which his fellow-students had as a matter of course. And that made an uphill fight for him. But he stuck to it in the same ambitious, intelligent, thorough-going way he had shown in everything he had ever taken up. And with a little encouragement from some of the faculty members who appreciated what he was up against, Krakovec came through the moments of despair.

So today it is Martin T. Krakovec, B.S., E.M. And Engineer Krakovec is going ahead to a real success, despite the handicaps of disability, age and lack of previous American education.



Martin T. Krakovec, former machine gunner for Uncle Sam, still uses a tripod in his battle for a living. But his eye now takes a sight through a surveyor's instrument instead of over a gun. And the civilian Krakovec, who was born in Bohemia and never had an hour's schooling in this country before 1920, is two degrees up on the soldier who got a division citation for cleaning out a German machine gun nest single-handed and later was twice wounded. He's now a Bachelor of Science and an Engineer of Mines

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

The Legion's Campaign for a Universal Draft Law

III. A Peace Measure

"IT is no use," said some when the representatives of The American Legion began their preliminary labors for the Universal Draft Bill, which after three years of preparation is now in the legislative arena for action by the Congress which began its sessions on December 1st. "It is no use to try to push this bill now because it talks war. Granted this objection is baseless; call it the snap judgment of the war-weary masses, the objection is there nevertheless and it is powerful enough to confound your efforts. The general revulsion against war, anything that smacks of war, or that envisions the return of war will work against you and raise insurmountable obstacles in your path."

The Legion did not dismiss these words lightly. It would have been foolhardy to do so. For the words contained the essence of much truth. They approximated a real and tangible state of mind among our people. True, the Legion plan to place the three participants in a national war effort—military manpower, capital and labor—on equal terms of obligation to serve for nominal pay—true, this proposition did "talk war." But it talked war not so as to make war more likely but so as to make it less likely. It talked war so that certain groups might be unable to discover in war a financial bonanza to enrich them, as heretofore, at the expense of all other groups. It talked war in terms which would bring financial advantage to none, and would distribute the sacrifices equally among all, and not pile them on the soldiers who fought and their dependents and others who stayed behind and had no hand in the profiting and the profiteering.

This was talking war, all right. But it was talking war with reverse English. It was talking peace.

Or at any rate so it looked to the Legion. But how would it look to others, and particularly to those with pacifist leanings? By way of getting a line on this situation a year ago a representative of The American Legion Weekly went to some of the avowed pacifist members of Congress, men who usually are regarded as holding extreme views. He approached Representative John Nelson, of Michigan, leader of the House wing of the so-called liberal bloc which is led by Senator LaFollette. Mr. Nelson voted against war in 1917. He is still against war and against preparedness.

"All wars are started for profit somewhere along the line," said he. "Conscript wealth and you eliminate the real motive for war. As a general principle I am against all conscription. But if we legislate to conscript our young men to fight, capital and labor must be conscripted too. In fact, I should say it is more necessary that we should legislate to draft capital and industry than to draft soldiers. Once you begin conscripting capital there will be no more wars. For the promotion of peace I favor universal conscription."

Representative James A. Frear of Michigan, another pacifist, said he was in favor of a universal draft because "it is a direct means of bringing about international disarmament," a subject to which Mr. Frear has devoted much study. "Demands for war and for big armaments," said Mr. Frear, "frequently come from those who profit by wars.

These interests risk no personal injury, yet when a war comes they generally demand the repeal of heavy taxes upon their war-made wealth and insist that the war-tax burdens be shifted to the back of the people who did not profit. A universal draft certainly would put a crimp in their game." The list of pacifist endorsements could be extended.

Apparently without knowledge of the Legion's efforts, the *Christian Science Monitor* last year advanced the universal draft as its entry in the Edward Bok peace plan contest, and rallied pacifists throughout the country and in Canada behind the thought.

The Legion has found that the peace idea is not confined to those who hold extreme views on that subject. Senator George of Georgia, a conservative Democrat and a preparedness advocate, said: "It seems to me that a universal draft system would be an important step toward world peace. It would prevent hasty declarations of war, and profiteering."

Senator Reed Smoot of Utah, ultra-conservative Republican and preparedness advocate, said the same thing.

This trial canvass of Congressional leaders brought out a number of interesting points, but the one here concerned with is that there seemed to be next to no criticism of the universal draft on the ground that it was a war, or even a preparedness, measure. The pacifists in Congress mostly have disagreed with the Legion's preparedness policies, but they regard the universal draft proposal as a peace and not a preparedness move. The term preparedness in this instance is used as some of the pacifists use it—as a synonym for an invitation to war.

Public distrust of war talk has foundation. There is no doubt that jingoism tends to incite national passions, to magnify small differences between nations and to promote war. The jingo usually is bravest before the event. It was the experience of every nation on both sides of the World War that some of the people who shouted the loudest for war and were most clamorous about "national honor" were the very persons who, when war came, discovered previous engagements as far removed from the battle lines as possible. Not infrequently did these engagements pan out to be most profitable ones, concerned with war contracts and the like. Well knowing that this is a fact the public, naturally, feels a certain distrust for anything which "talks war."

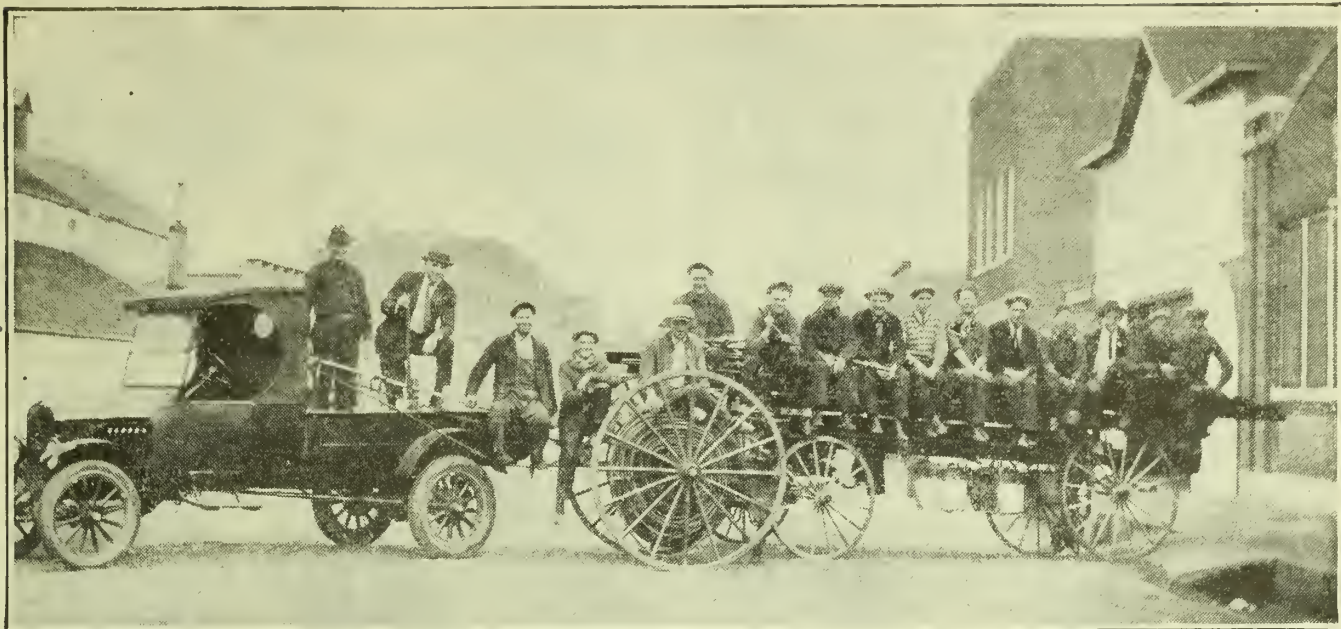
But the Legion's Universal Draft Bill does not talk war except to talk against it. It talks peace. It clamps a gag on the jingo. It puts the slacker and profiteer out of business. It makes war a less attractive proposition all the way through. That is why the universal draft is first of all peace insurance, and the best peace insurance there is. Battleships are peace insurance, too, and very necessary peace insurance at the present writing. Battleships cost \$20,000,000 apiece. A universal draft law will not cost anything. That is one reason why the Legion intends to keep at it until the country tries this new insurance out.

There are a few scattered persons left who do not own automobiles, and they are becoming more widely scattered every day.

Drilling a hole twenty-five miles into the earth is the ambition of a scientist who, unquestionably, is looking for a place to park.

When a call for more heat goes up in an apartment house it is never known whether the janitor will turn on the steam or the tenant.

A Washington State farmer has raised a wheat crop from seeds from an Egyptian tomb. The bread will probably retail at fifty cents a slice as real pre-war stuff.



When there is a fire in Lawler, Iowa, the Legion fire-siren blows a blast heard ten miles, the Legion fire department runs its apparatus out of the Legion fire station, which is also Harold Redman's Post's clubhouse, and two score assorted World War veterans put the fire out. Redman Post is the town fire department and its clubhouse is a specially-built fire station provided by the town council. Each Legionnaire fireman's pay more than balances his post dues, and the combined post and fire department is saving up its surplus of town funds to buy a park for its community

They Keep *the* Home Fires from Burning

WHEN anyone starts praising Harold Redman Post of The American Legion in Lawler, Iowa, his utterances sound as if they were lifted from one of those full-page magazine advertisements of a patent fire extinguisher. You know the kind—the burning bungalow with the flames of red ink shooting up toward the line of big and black type which says that “Fyrene would have saved it.”

For Harold Redman Post is the natural enemy of fire on its home-town battleground. Every time a little outlaw flame starts out to paint the town red, Harold Redman Post comes up on the run and puts it out of sight. Only innocent and law-abiding fires are tolerated in Lawler, and whenever a fire runs wild with pride and ambition Harold Redman Post puts it in its place. That's the reason why spokesmen for the post have a habit of saying in an off-hand way:

“Yes, we've done some things here. Fire losses have been cut way down. Insurance rates have been reduced. Thousands of dollars worth of property here have been saved by the quick and efficient work of Legionnaires.”

Something like the prospectus of the patent fire-extinguisher, at that!

Well, Harold Redman Post has a right to be proud of the way it has looked after its home-town in the past three years. To understand just why it has done what it has, and how it has done it, one needs to know that Lawler is a town of only seven hundred per-

sons located in eastern Iowa in the second tier of counties from the Minnesota line and not far from Mason City, which gave to the Legion a national commander, Hanford MacNider.

Harold Redman first made itself felt in its town by doing everything that a Commercial Club or Chamber of Commerce ordinarily does. It started out to let the rest of Iowa know all about Lawler, and it made a pretty good job of that. Everybody knew that Lawler was more than a pin-point on the Iowa Legion map at Department Convention time, and between conventions the post kept right on fattening a batting average of community accomplishments.

Three years ago Lawler profited by the misfortunes of a number of other small Iowa towns which were visited by disastrous fires. In most small towns fire-fighting ordinarily is left to the same Providence which distributes the blazes now and then, true only to the law of averages. Usually after one big fire has destroyed most of a town, or after a series of smaller fires has concentrated attention on the fire menace, the town council decides to discharge Old Man Luck from his job as fire chief and hire in his place Chief Preparation. Some towns, without having bad fires of their own, take a lesson in time from the disasters of its neighbor towns. Such a town is Lawler.

When Lawler decided unanimously three years ago that it would be unwise to risk destruction of the town by any small blaze which should get beyond control, it found a ready-made

fire department all lined up and ready to go—the thirty-three members of Redman Post, each man possessed of muscle and fighting-power and willing to do any job to guard his town and promote its welfare.

The town council made a bargain with Redman Post. The council agreed to build a combined fire department headquarters and post clubhouse. It did put up the building. And it supplied not only the fire apparatus, but also the furnishings for the Legion's clubrooms.

NOT only this. The agreement provided that the Legionnaires should receive a stipulated sum each month for their services in the fire department.

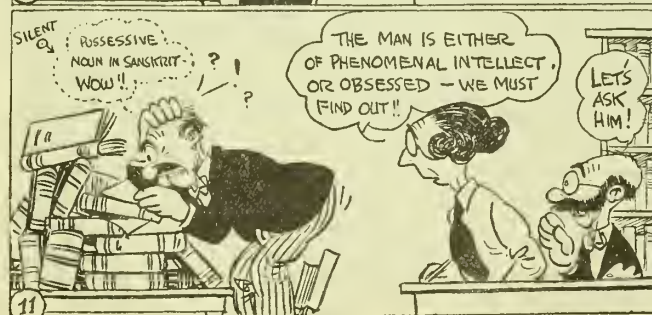
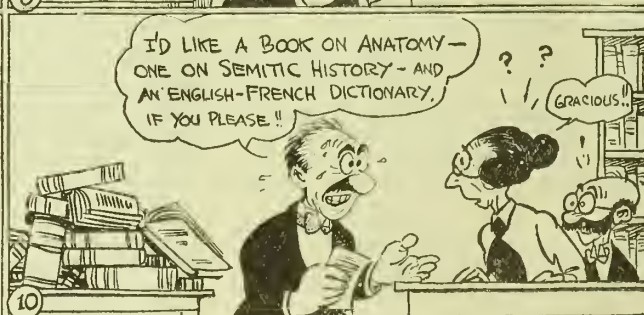
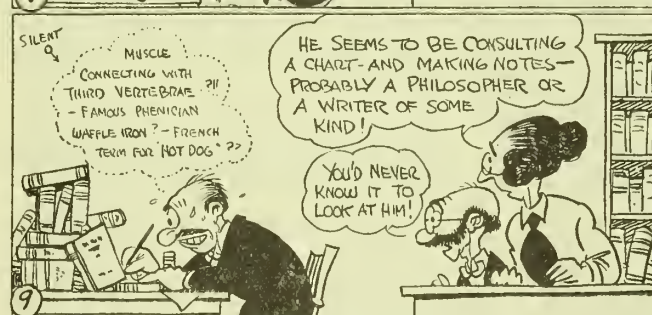
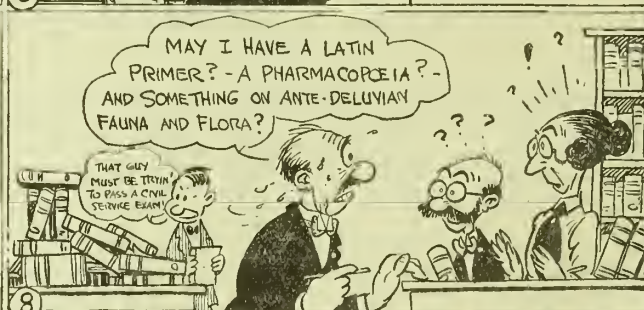
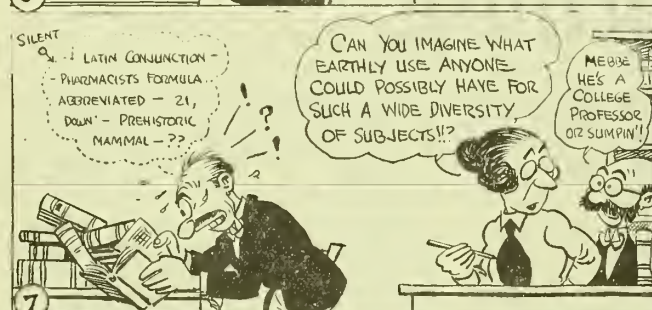
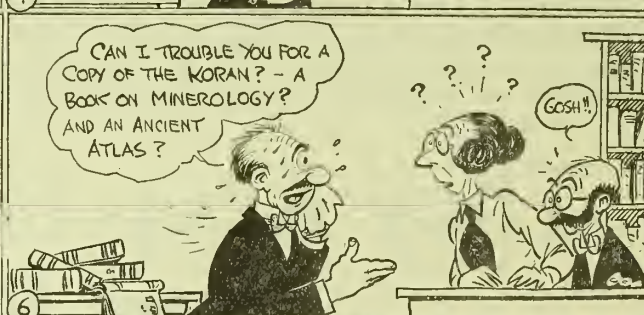
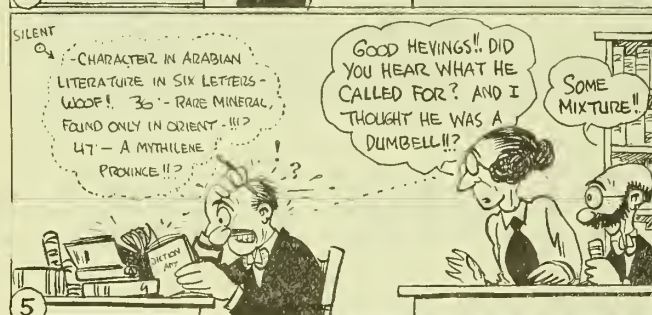
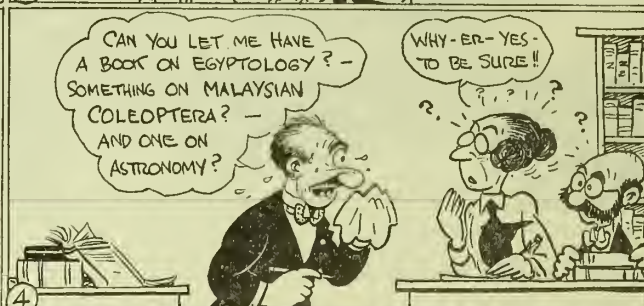
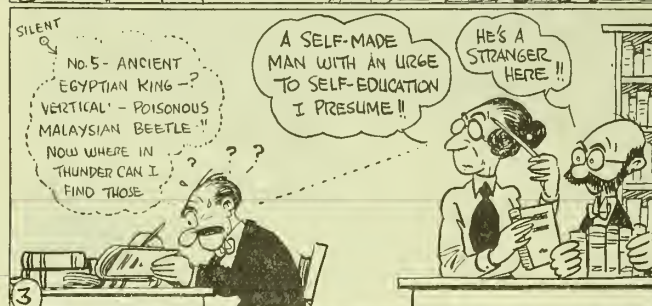
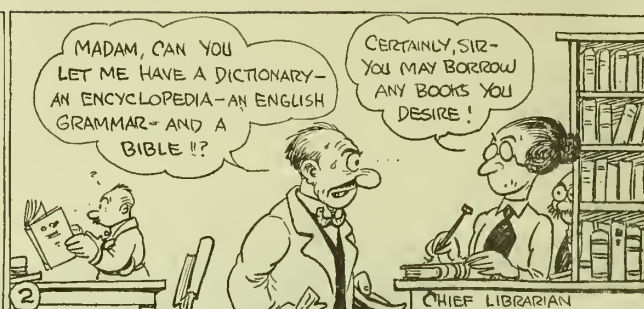
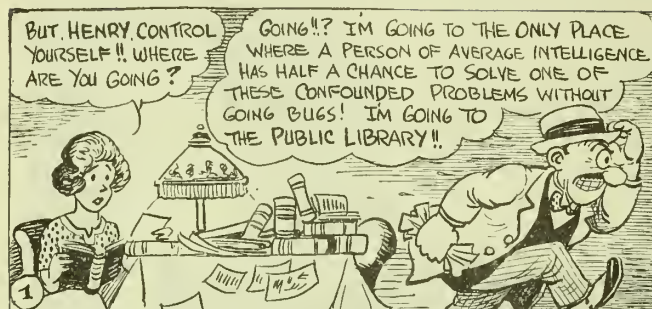
This arrangement has worked out splendidly. The town hasn't had a single serious fire since the Legionnaires went on the job. The little blazes which have occurred in this time, some of them at night and with weather conditions unfavorable to the fighters, have all been handled as well as if the town had had a high-pressure pumping system and a fleet of engines.

The plan has been a good thing for Redman Post also. It has brought into the post every eligible service man in town and a large number of men from the nearby country sections. Each member on joining automatically becomes a member of the fire department and is thus relieved from paying his poll tax of three dollars a year. He

(Continued on page 24)

The Easiest Way

By Wallgren



A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things That Count

OUR old friend France has an immigration question of her own. It interests all of us who were in France during the war. It affects some Americans who say that they are Americans, but do not act as if they were.

If the French had more babies and France were not such a pleasant country to live in the question would not have risen. Already, before the war, France was short of labor because of her low birthrate. This led to an influx of laborers from Italy and Spain. During the war many Belgian refugees went to France. They have found it profitable to remain there, but have kept their Belgian nationality in order that their sons may escape military service.

The labor influx was enormously increased after the war by the demands for labor in rebuilding ruined villages and factories. When I went through the devastated regions I was reminded of streets in the foreign quarters of our big cities where you may speak to half a dozen persons before you meet one who knows English. Many of these laborers in France could not answer a question in French. They knew only Spanish or Italian. As long as they could get better pay there than at home they preferred to remain in France.

The American soldier who remained in France to try his luck found that while the pay for labor was higher than in Italy or in Spain, it was much lower than in the United States. He found no opening in the trades and other occupations. These the French monopolized, as he learned by bitter experience.

He had overlooked the fact that millions of foreigners were clamoring for something he already had as an inalienable right of citizenship, a passport into the United States. He had neglected the use of a precious possession. So he went home to realize on his precious possession.

Now the French Deputy, Pichel Misoffe, comes forward with a "code for foreigners," which would force children born of foreigners in France to do military service for France. He says that of 30,519 sons of foreigners born in Paris "only 354 adopted French citizenship when they reached the age of eighteen, the others all escaping military service by choosing to become citizens of other countries."

"We should force children born in France and living in France permanently," he declares, "to assume army obligations for the defense of the country."

PARIS is still the playground of Europe. It draws tourists and students from all lands and many people to live there permanently. They represent a type of immigration which presents no problem to us. Immigrants come to America to make money, but these go to France to spend money. France's income from the money which foreigners spend within her borders is at least three hundred million dollars a year. Some estimates make it as high as five hundred million.

There are forty or fifty thousand Americans living in Paris; Americans are scattered all over France. A few of these are in France because their jobs are in France. They work for a living, representing American concerns in France.

But the big majority of American residents in France are doing nothing except to draw income from American investments. They are people of leisure. That is all right. It is a free world. The number of this class has been rapidly increasing. It now exceeds the number before the war.

During the war many of these expatriates went home for the first time in many years and remained there until the war was over. They told us from the outset that we should go into the war and fight hard for France, just for France, while a lot

of Americans, who are not expatriate, thought that our first business was to fight for the interests of America and what America stands for in the world of civilization.

The expatriate who remained in Paris was strong on advice. He did not think that we ought to have an army as an army because we would not know how to fight as an army. Our two millions of soldiers should just be mixed as battalions into the French army under French command.

If this had been done the Allies might have lost the war—certainly they would not have won it in the fall of '18—and the expatriates of Paris would not now be enjoying the incomes which enable them to play in Paris. In my own opinion most of the leisure class of Franco-Americans of Paris were a pest and a burden from the beginning to the end of the war.

THEN there were the American wives of foreign noblemen who married them for their money. At the outset of the war these women who, for the most part, looked foreign, acted foreign and scorned their own country as a land without titles, besieged our legations in all parts of Europe demanding protection as Americans. They wanted back the coat which they had shed. Their husbands, too, in some cases, wanted to get under the coat.

When the wives were told that their nationality was that of their husbands and they were entitled to no more legal protection than any other foreigner they were outraged because American nationality was not something which you could use when you wanted it and discard when you did not want it.

Lately their influence has passed a law which allows the American wife of a foreigner to retain her citizenship. It has irritated foreign governments more than any other law we have passed for a long time because it strikes at a basic principle of international practice. We have this law, but as yet we have no law which drafts the munition worker for the same pay as the soldier at the front in our next war.

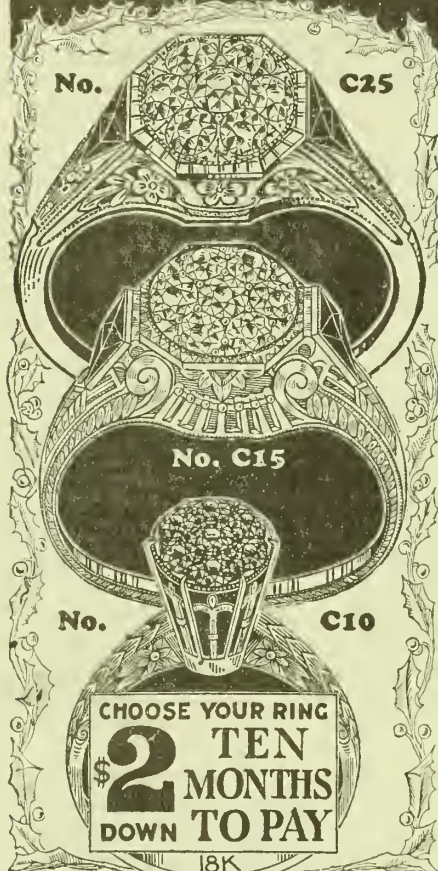
French expatriates are more French than the French, just as Anglomaniac Americans living in England are more English than the English. They make fun of our tourists because they do not speak French. They even made fun of our soldiers in comparison with the poilus whom they thought so picturesque. They ape all French ways just because they are French ways. A part of their apologetic attitude about their own country includes depreciation of America's part in the war as very small—France did it all.

What position they have is due to America. They bask in the reflected glory of that power, by sea and land, which we exerted in the war, winning the awe, respect, and even the fear of the world. The contempt of thoroughbred Frenchmen who fought in the war for them is the same as that of thoroughbred Americans.

If they have sons, whom they have sent to French instead of American schools and whom they have brought up in alienation from the motherland to live a life of play abroad, then I do not object if France makes these sons do military service. I only pity these sons; pity them for losing their birthright and for missing being in the game that is making the America of to-day and the America of to-morrow.

As for American parents who are exiles abroad by the necessity of their occupations, who have sent their sons home to school and brought them up to be Americans—well, dear old friend France, fond as we are of you, the only drafted military service these sons do will be for America unless they choose otherwise.

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DAY after day for more than two years, Mr. Edmunds, the author of this article, in his official capacity as chief clerk and counsel for the Illinois Service Recognition Board, has talked with scores of World War service men and has heard all sorts of expressions regarding the war and its causes. In this article, Mr. Edmunds, a past commander of Blackhawk Post of the Legion of Chicago, gives his observations on "the-war-is-over-so-forget-it" boys

Should We Forget *the* War?

By Palmer D. Edmunds

"JOIN the Legion? Say, bud, the war's over! Forget it!"

What member of the Legion, endeavoring to do his bit by urging his comrades to join this great organization of peace, has not been confronted with just that impatient statement, even in 1924, over five years after the last gun boomed on the Western Front?

Five years ago, three years ago, perhaps one year ago, such statement had a legitimate place in the scheme of things. The war brought no pleasure to any one but the munition makers. Its scenes of horror, its suffering and torment, were near and vivid. Human nature had to react, and it did. But when we come to five years and more after the Armistice we have a different proposition. Five years is a long time at the age of the young men who were discharged from the American military and naval forces.

Is the war over? Can it be forgotten? Should it be forgotten if it could be?

At the risk of making ourselves unpopular with a goodly number of men who shouldered the arms of war but who refuse to shoulder their fair share of the burdens of peace by joining The American Legion, let us answer "no" to all three questions.

Scores of great hospitals, filled to overflowing with thousands of veterans suffering from wounds and disease, answer the question as to the war being over. For those comrades it never can be over until their dying day. Moreover, those who fought with them are unworthy of the name of comrades if they allow themselves to forget. So long as a single maimed or broken veteran survives, it is for the able-bodied to extend aid, comfort and cheer, ever mindful of that comrade's sacrifice and of the great cause in which he was struck down. The Legion will not forget. It has already found and made its place. Every Legionnaire knows the story of the terrific fight waged during the discouraging years since the Armistice, in the course of which his organization by stolid insistence that the war was not over, solemn protestations of the politicians to the contrary notwithstanding, gained whatever measure of justice has been accorded to the veterans of that conflict. And the strength and knowledge acquired in that memorable struggle are a sure guarantee of powerful united activity in years to come.

Even leaving out of consideration the wounded and disabled, it is idle to say that the war can ever be over for any man who participated in it. Every individual who wore the uniform was changed by the experience which he underwent. He has not been the same

man since; he can never be the same man in the future. If he was a good soldier, and few men were not, he is today without realizing it perhaps, a better man mentally, patriotically, spiritually. He has been schooled in discipline and self-control. He has learned the lesson of the power of co-operation and organization for the common good. He has gained a broad viewpoint on life which would come in no other way. He is a better American citizen, a better world citizen. Why should he want to forget the experience which has so molded his character, even if he could?

No, the war is not over, and it will never be over, for its influence will affect not only present world affairs and the present generation of human beings, but the welfare and fortune of countless generations yet to come. Nor can it be forgotten, for after all no veteran is going to deliberately turn his back upon those comrades with whom he once stood shoulder to shoulder in the hell of battle, and who were chosen by fate for a sacrifice of blood and suffering, even though he might be forgetful of himself.

Having decided then, as we must, that the war is not over and cannot be forgotten, it might seem needless to discuss the question as to whether it should be relegated to oblivion. Not so, however, for it is by such discussion that we have to get at the buddy who opened our little article. He may not be logical in his conclusions and point of view, but he is for that very reason the more needful of attention. He may be assumed to be honest in thinking that the war is something that should be forever banished from thought and discussion; and he has not done as we have done in asking himself first of all whether or not it can be so banished. He is an active disciple of the school of thought that whatever should be can be. So long as he thinks it should be he is going to insist upon his right to withdraw into his own individual corner and be left to his own devices. He must be set right, else he is going to be a permanent "bolshhevik," holding out on the Legion and all that it stands for.

To some of us the attitude of this comrade may seem incomprehensible, yet it may be explained in a great many possible ways. Perhaps he left a good job to enlist and found upon return that some silk-shirted, dollar-hunting stay-at-home had acquired possession and permanent jurisdiction over it during his absence. Perhaps while he was across some draft-dodging slacker took his girl away from him and he has not yet found another. Perhaps while stumbling along on the other side under the burden of a seventy-pound pack he broke an arch in his foot and has not been able since to stand up to his daily

FOR RICHARD PLUME THE WAR WILL NEVER END

FOR most of us the war is over. For Richard Plume, former second Lieutenant, U.S.A., the war has just begun. He goes to war a perfect specimen of manhood—seven machine gun bullets through his leg sends him home to his wife and child a cripple with a \$45 a month allowance from the Government and a bitter grudge against every one who caused the war. His reactions are the same as thousands of others who came back the same way—his story is told in a vivid gripping way—in the most sensational and absorbing book that has yet come out of the war entitled

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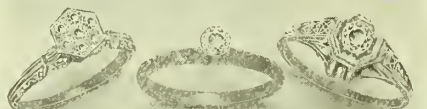
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work as he once could. When we stop to think about it, all of us know a host of possible reasons why he may be "soured" on the world to such an extent as to cause his insistence that "if he had known what was coming they never would have roped him in," and that "he would wave his flag from the sidewalk the next time." As a matter of fact, the observant Legionnaire knows that such legitimate underlying reasons constitute only the embers from which occasional self-seeking politicians have fanned forth for their own personal aggrandizement a terrific blaze of public discontent and resentment, and many a front line soldier who risked his life with the fullest measure of courage has since been led astray by men whose very loyalty was under surveillance while he at the front risked his life for their welfare. How ironical!

No one can tell us anything new about such talk. We've heard it everywhere. A Legion man cannot agree with it, cannot feel that way about it. To the extent that he is a Legion man he has demonstrated to the world that he is a better soldier than the next man who doesn't wear the emblem. His Legion button testifies every minute of the day that he has united in organized effort with his comrades to capitalize upon the knowledge and experience that the war has brought to all. He is waging a militant peace-time fight for war-time ideals. And yet, while he may have "seen red" at some of the outbursts disparaging and spurning his organization, he has realized that the comrades who have so delivered themselves are not altogether to blame for what they have said.

Why should we forget the war? Because our comrades did not acquit themselves valorously and bravely? Because as a nation we did not play our part in it effectively and nobly? Because we were not fighting for a cause great, inspiring, beautiful? Shame on the man who would besmirch our efforts or the cause for which our lives were offered! The war brought suffering to

us, individually and collectively, yes. But America as a Christian nation has learned from generations of reliance upon the Book of Books that strength of character, beauty of spirit, depth of soul, both of man and nation, blossom from pain and travail. From the discipline of suffering in the trial by fire there is no substitute. Would we forget Lexington and Bunker Hill? Would we allow to grow dim in memory Gettysburg or Manila Bay? Let us emphasize in equal measure the triumph of American liberty and ideals upon the fields of Château-Thierry and St. Mihiel, and in the hell-swept thickets of the Argonne. Let us set our feet down hard upon the propaganda that we as American men of arms have done something that we should not remember; something from which we should turn with shame.

The time has come to organize a universal campaign against the knockers and would-be "forgetters." Our organization is destined to be the greatest constructive force in the social and civic life of an America greater and stronger for the experience through which she has passed. We have, although cruelly hampered, gained many great ends for which we have struggled. Let us swing into action in this matter. Let us reason fairly and fully with those comrades whose opinions have been led astray by the selfish platitudes of false prophets, or in whom breadth of vision has not yet taken the place of resentment occasioned by personal grievance. And to those not our comrades who oppose our purposes and ideals either by the underhanded machinations of political trickery or the defiance of apparent strength, let us show our teeth.

If the World War were really over and forgotten, what a dismal horrible failure it would have been. Thank God for The American Legion which exists because of it, and which stands as a living witness to the fact that it is not over and never will be allowed to fade from memory!

A Heart Attack in Beautemps

(Continued from page 6)

true circumference of his hatband, some of us decided to frame up a little job on Smiley Updegraff. Yes, there was a conspiracy on foot, with hobnails on it.

With one sore finger, I corona'd the followin' letter on the company clerk's portable payroll mill:

the hon. Hjoanthan w. Glucuss
mexber of Coangress
contemtal hotell
Parris.

my deer hqnerabel Glucoas;

i taik tjis oppertunity as wun of yoor lowyal and admyring voatwrs at the last ellexion to writte to you aboht condituns in the one hundred and natty-forth infamtry of the coily wulff division.

o howe we luvre our colonel! he is the idle of his menn.

he is a trooe soljier and gemtelmann. he is an angell with silver chicken wings.

col culpepper is so sincere and synthetic. he never lets us go outt and ghet ovr feet wett. wenn we go on picknies, wich we preffer insted of drill, our colonel fixes us up with a bocks lunch containing turkey sandwich, eggs, bannanyas, oragnes, hote-house graipes and cherrey shortcaik. and raspberries.

col culpepper blieves us boyes shuld have p6ntey of sleep, so he has moved revveilly up to ten o'clocke and has poisons the buglers. he comes arownd to tucke us into bed at night and tellz us bedtime stoaries.

our colonul stands aze-high with the voatres from yowr distrikt who are in this reggiment. we think you ought to get him maide a Genneral.

yuur 100 per zent booster,

"How's that for pure, unadulterated banana oil?" says, I, after readin' this phoney recommendation to my fellow conspirators of the fifth squad.

I got what I expected—a gale o' mock-in' laughter from them hard-boiled scoff-jaws. And they agree that Smiley will burn up when he gets wind o' the frame-up.

"Now, just to make the detail complete," I announces, "I'll sign this letter '1st Class Private Smiley Updegraff' and shoot it to his Congressman in Paris."

"Don't you sign it, Buck," protests Dick Weimer. "Leave that to Fish-bein. He can imitate any signature on the payroll, includin' the John Han-

cocks o' unliterate birds which can't sign their own labels."

"Just as you say, fellers—I've did my share," I says, and I tossed the type-written letter over to Sol Fishbein, leavin' to him the artistic task o' forgin' Updegraff's signature. It is with a sense of relief that I beat it outside to inhale the frank and honest atmosphere o' the old French barnyard.

Poor Smiley! He was still findin' fault with the colonel, the world and the S. O. S. the next day, when I am detailed to hop a truck for the divisional rifle range. There I am given a nice, outdoor job behind the target butts, raisin' and lowerin' a frame which was as heavy as a fireproof curtain, dodgin' ricochet shots, and tunin' in by telephone to fresh fried profanity from the 300 yard firin' point.

To give you an idea o' the snap and go o' the divisional rifle range, I'll tell you one instance of how I nearly got slammed in the brig because I couldn't make my bull's-eyes behave.

One drizzly afternoon while I'm markin' No. 16 in the 300 yard cuss garden, there comes a whinin' through the air. A bullet punctures the mist about two inches outside the target frame, at nine o'clock. It was a miss as good as a mile, so I waved the old red nightshirt.

Then comes a low, angelic voice over the field telephone.

"Who the yell's markin' on No. 16?"

"Private O'Dee, sir."

"What did you mark for that last shot?"

"A miss."

"But Colonel Culpepper's shootin' on your target now. Do you mean to say you marked a miss—"

"Yes, a mis-take, sir. I'll mark the shot again."

Droppin' the receiver with haste and maidenly confusion, I promptly hoisted the old white dish and held 'er firmly against the center o' the bull. There was no more complaint about that shot. The next bullet was a low too, but I marked another ace. And so on, shot after shot. Colonel Culpepper was sure in rotten form, but I never stopped throwin' up them soup plates. You see, I know that old line.

Finally came another telephone call.

"Wot's a matter on No. 16? Doncher mark nothin' but bull's-eyes?"

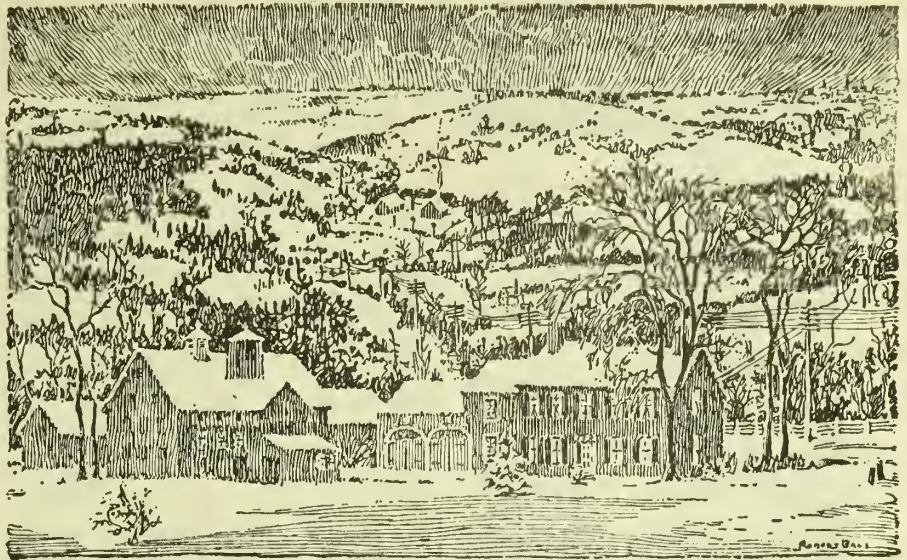
"But Colonel Culpepper—"

"Aw, eyewash! Colonel Culpepper ceased firin' half an hour ago. You've been handin' out bull's-eyes to a mess o' recruits which couldn't hit the ground if they was kicked by a mule."

After the next shot I didn't wait to examine the target but waved the red flag like an auction shop in distress. But it turned out that the bird who had just fired was a regular army sergeant major and a expert rifleman. He'd poked the bull's-eye neat with his eye leveled on a telescopic sight. This sergeant major offered to climb over the parapet and treat my vision to a few istfuls o' pugilists' lampblack. The upshot of it was that I was taken off No. 16 and told to devote my over-rained intellect to policin' the grounds of empty shells.

But to get back to old B Company at Beauteemps. That's where I got back to eventually, after two weeks o' shell ashin'.

Smiley Updegraff hadn't heard from his Congressman in Paris as the result 'is flattering letter. But he was no longer mopin' over his woes at the



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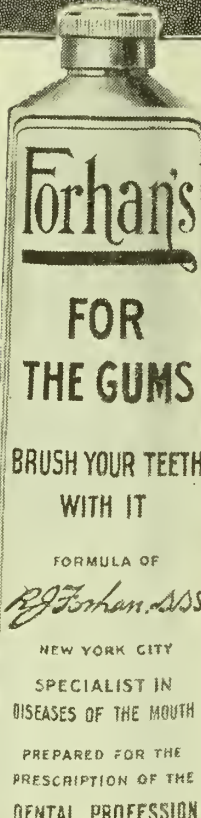
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hands o' Colonel Culpepper. No, he was too busy payin' social calls on a fair, fat and four-chinned French widow, who lived in a stone residence on the main rue o' Beauteemps.

It seems that this here widow set out a nice table, considerin' the scarcity of eats in that region. And she had found that the hook-up to Updegraff's heart was by wireless through his stummick. He was up to Madame La Manger's nearly every night for supper, totally ignorin' his own company mess, no matter how temptin' was the slum and beans to weary nostrils in the shank o' the evenin'.

Yes, Private Updegraff's graft was rich; he was parkin' his dogs under one festive board, what I mean. He couldn't understand her lingo and she couldn't compray his mixture o' borrowed wise cracks and original sap stuff. But they got along immense. He believed that when complimentin' her cookin', actions spoke louder than words. So he bored right in and diminished the pate' du foi pig's knuckles, while Mme. La Manger rolled her eyes and said in French, "M'sieu, you flatten me!"

Our gang tried to kid Smiley about his widow, but we wasn't exactly successful. In the first place, possession is nine loopholes o' law, and Smiley had sure bagged the meal ticket.

But pretty soon the practical joke buzzards o' the fifth squad thought they'd found a way to hamper his social career and appetite. Sol Fishbein digs up an old law which is still in effect in that province. It provides severe penalties, both jail and fine, for breach o' promise. Furthermore, it gives the lady in the case all the benefits o' doubt when she sobs out her tale to a mush-headed jury, all about how a horrid man has played on her heart-strings like a mail order ukulele, and then faded from the lovin' duet like a sour note.

"Be careful and watch your step," we then warns Smiley, "or you'll be packin' that widow and her bird cage back to America."

"You boobs amuse me with your nifty cracks," is Updegraff's retort uncour-

teous. "Just because you fellers is still eatin' monkey meat on the half shell while I'm feastin' on the fat o' the province is no reason why you've gotta dig up some French law which was obsolete when Napoleon met his Water-blooie. You make me laugh."

He went ahead and laughed.

But a couple o' days later, Smiley was neither laughin' or executin' smiles left, when he drew me away from a candle-lit crap game and dragged me into the shadows of our barnyard abode.

"Buck, do you really think there's anything to this breach o' promise business?"

"Well, it's the law, Smiley, and what's a law for if it ain't to be enforced up to the letter." (At that time I'd never heard tell o' prohibition, either.)

"Well, they might make some exception in my case, don't you think so, Buck? In the first place, I fought for France. That ought to help if I'm sued for breach o' promise. And in the second place, I got a husky wife and two kids back in Pennsylvania. I can prove it by the allotments on my service record. Do you think that would have any effect on a jury?"

"Aw, be yourself. The gang was only jokin' when they said you was wadin' over your head into matrimony. Don't take it so serious."

"But it is serious, Buck. Until tonight I never thought the widow was in love with me. She'd never been what you'd call affectionate, just hospitable-like. But tonight, when I come into the parlor, she gathers me up in her arms as if I was a babe, and she showers me with—er—kisses! And all the time she was spielin' a line o' French, out o' which I couldn't understand anything except that I was her 'grand boy!'"

"You her 'grand boy'?"

"Yessir, and durin' the dinner she cramped my style while I was shovelin' in grub. She hovered over me every minute, still expressin' her love in rapid-fire French. After the meal—which I generally puts in snoozin' in an armchair by the fire—she keeps me awake with gestures. I never see *anybody* so affectionate. Why, it's lucky I

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got away alive, scein' as I escaped by slidin' downstairs on my collar bone."

"It's been the gossip o' the town that she's lookin' for a Yankee husband," I puts in as a crumb o' comfort. "But you got to admit it's all your fault, Smiley."

"Maybe it is my fault for encouragin' her by praisin' her dinners. But I'll shake her, if I have to blow the outfit."

"What if she files suit for breach o' promise and they catch you and bring you back to face the sobs and music?"

Smiley groans like a bridge timber; perhaps he was thinkin' o' the effect it would have on his wife in the old U. S., she who's been developin' her muscle slingin' shell cases in a munition factory.

And then I begin to pity poor Updegraff. Here was a buddy who *was* up against it. If he'd been layin' wounded out in No Man's Land I couldn't of been more anxious to drag him to safety. And after the way I'd helped to razz him for weeks, I felt like a horse thief.

"Brace yourself, old pal," I says, grabbin' of his hand as he turns on the cold sweat faucet. I knit my brows like the heel of a Red Cross sock, and then I speared an idea in the darkness.

"Smiley," I barks, "there's a detail of officers and men bein' made up to go to the art school at Versailles. It leaves tomorrow and it ain't complete."

"But I don't know nothin' about art."

"You can draw your breath, can't yer? Now, Romco, I'm goin' to dig you out o' this mess if you take orders from me. You put in for that sketch artist detail, and I'll go round to the widow's tomorrow and break it to her gentle that you ain't no eligible bachelor like she surmised; that you ain't ever considered askin' her fat hand in marriage; and besides, you're a bum and a dipso-maniac and a home wrecker from the word go, and that you got four wives waitin' for you with shot guns and other light housekeepin' artillery when you sneak back to the States. I'll be your bad news; I'll be your John Alden with reverse English."

In quaverin' tones, Smiley tells me I'm a real pal.

"Are you sure you can pry her loose from me, Buck?"

"Leave it to me, Smiley. Then it comes to handlin' the fierce sex, I'm there like a duck's bill for damages. Now you get into that art detail, which will take you far away from Beau-temps and its romantic atmosphere. By the time you're safe on your way in a horse Pullman I'll have that widow as clam as a clam. Say, I got a way with the women, I have. Ain't I studied French until I can sneeze like a native? Ain't I had my fling with the femmes o' gay Paree?"

* * * *

IT'S a bright and sunny day—in spots when I hands the Roman brass knocker on the widow's front door a wallop which jars the chateau from its foundations to its pigeon sky parlor.

Her domestique, which is foreign trick stuff for hired girl, comes to the door, and I give her my name as a personal representative of M'sieu Updegraff, who has come to see the widow on important business. The maid leads me through a dark cold, stone hallway, and up to the second floor where there is a livin' room, the room from which Smiley had escaped by the film o' his teeth. There the maid leaves me be-

side the cold fireplace, admirin' the sea-shells and some gold-framed whisker-scapes, which I deduct is more or less the likeness of the late husband.

Finally I hear a rustlin' like a bargain silk counter bein' looted by an army o' shoplifters.

It's Madame La Manger!

She's wearin' her Sunday silks, and, say, she sure fills the eye and the livin' room. And she's a warm looker for her age—I judge she has browsed through about forty-five rainy winters.

"Bunn joor, Modom," I voices, with a bow which would of done credit to a floorwalker.

She passed the bunn joor back with an ample smile, and it seemed sort of a shame to jolt her out o' love's young dream.

"Bunn joor yourself," I repeats. "Je sweep le—er—sub-substitute du M'soo Updegraff—"

You see, I wanted to tell her I was substitutin' for Smiley, and then by gradually lettin' her down easy I could break the news to her that he was Absent Without Love.

"Oui, vous-êtes un beau sub—sub—sub—" Madame trips on this word, but seems to gnom its meanin', for she giggles and coyly fences her fan over her mezzanine chin.

Then Madame opens up a broadside of native lingo, which goes over my head, because her tongue moves faster than the recoil action on a Chauchat. But I do glean the words "grand boy" mixed up in her conversation; also some tasty references to certain beaucoup francs. From which I naturally take it that she's referrin' to her lucky sweetie, Smiley Updegraff, and the dowry she's goin' to fetch him on their weddin' day.

All at once she grabs me by the hand, and hooks one plump and muscular arm around my neck. Before I know it's comin', she hands me a mistletoe salute, right smack on my camel garage. Just why she should kiss me is mysterious, but while she clings onto me with main strength, her conversation waxes still more eloquence.

And about the tenth time she refers to her "grand boy" I begin to suspect she's couplin' this term of endearment to me. Holy mackerel! I always knew I had a way with the women. But now all I need to know is the way out.

Well, I'm helpless, while Madame warms up to the subject by kissin' me on both cheeks, only I take notice that no war medal goes with it. Then she gives me a bear-like hug, and I nearly holler for help. Her late husband is lookin' on from the safety of his picture frame and whisker entanglement, and he seems to be wishin' me luck—the coward!

A terrible notion comes flittin' through my brain. The next time Madame kisses me I'm sure of it. She's acceptin' me as a substitute husband in place of Smiley! It kind o' bears out the rumor that she's so anxious to corral an American that *any* one of us will do.

"Modom," I gasps and tries again to wriggle from her grasp, "Je n' sweep pah de substitute for that bum, Updegraff. I'm married myself and—"

But she nearly smothers me in her hold like grim death. As I struggled I felt like I was battlin' against odds. She was a regular female Strangler Lewis.

Just when fate seemed closin' down on me, rescue came in the form of a musical clock. I had always hated them



R. C. Iddings
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French musical clocks, which drives you cuckoo faster than the Swiss cuckoo shanties. But I never heard sweeter music than this one, for as it started playin' "Madelon" in a coffee mill tempo, the widow let go of me and put her forefinger coyly to her lips.

"Très bon," she says.

But I waited not to answer. I was busy makin' good my escape, and say, my speed made a split second look like a lapse between alimony payments. I rushed to the French windows, opened 'em, jumped out on the balcony, hopped over the rail and slid down the rainpipe to seven feet from the ground. I dropped the rest o' the way. Pickin' myself up, I lit out for my billet and, honest, I smashed all speed records o' the Ray brothers, light and Joie!

* * * *

While I was curled up under seven blankets and eight slickers, Smiley Updegraff was safe on his way to Versailles. But I didn't have long to remain in hidin'. Three hours after I had made my getaway from Madame, and still pale and shakin', they dragged me out from under my blankets and shoved me into the sidecar of a motorcycle. And then, whiz! I was on my way to regimental headquarters in Blinquefort. Yes, Colonel Culpepper had sent for me, personally!

With my heart doin' trapeze stunts from the roof of my mouth, I reported at the regimental P. C., which was a gloomy old frog-bitten chateau with a nice courtyard for sunrise executions, firin' squads, etc. They didn't keep me coolin' my heels on the outside. Why, the adjutant himself grabs me by the arm, and literally shoves me into the office marked "private," but which privates didn't rate, bein' as it had been taken over by Colonel Culpepper himself.

Stern and dignified, the colonel is waitin' for me behind his desk. I'm only half way through my snappy salute when my jaw drops faster than my hand, for somethin' large and silk-clad looms up and partly shuts out the light o' day on gettin' between me and the window. It's the she-strangler, my old friend, Madame La Manger!

Again she pounces upon me with the affection of a lady lion. As she renews her embrace, I glom a clear idea as to the colonel's reason for sendin' for me in a sidecar.

In marches the regimental chaplain, the Rev. McFortly. And then I know it's so. It's a frame-up! They're goin' to marry me to the Madame on the spot, and I ain't got the chance of a fig in a monkey cage!

Madame Le Manger lets go her holt on me, but it's only so she can hug the sky pilot, as if to congratulate him for arrivin' in the nick o' time. He is a little bit embarrassed and backs out o' the colonel's room into the adjutant's office. And she after him. She ain't goin' to let him get away until the knot has been tied.

But the minute they are both outside the room a funny thing happens. The colonel slams the door and turns the key. We are alone! Turnin' his cold and penertatin' gray eyes on me, my regimental commander says:

"Well, young man, I sent for you today to have a good look at you."

I felt like tellin' him to look hard and fast, for I felt like I was goin' to fade into thin air. He went on:

"I see, Private O'Dee, that you have been very busy promoting your colonel's reputation. Not content with giving me

all bull'seyes the day I shot on the rifle range without my glasses, you recently sent a letter to your Congressman in which I am mentioned in most flattering terms."

"I sent a letter?"

"Isn't this your signature, on a letter to Congressman Glucose in Paris?"

The colonel flashes the original fake note. But the signature is *mine*, not Smiley Udegraff's. I see it all now. That double-crossin' signature shark, Sol Fishbein, played a dirty trick by forgin' my monicker to the letter.

I stutter the admission o' my guilt, and the colonel grabs my hand.

"Young man, in spite of certain—er—exaggerations, the letter was, no doubt, written with the best of intentions. Congressman Glucose has written to me congratulations on my popularity with the men of my command."

The colonel reads my letter to the Congressman aloud, and when it comes to that part about him tuckin' us into our beds at night, even he can't suppress a chuckle. But it made a hit just the same.

"Private O'Dee, how would you like to be attached to regimental headquarters as an orderly?"

"Great! That is, if—if if you could only call off that woman."

"What woman?"

"Madam La Manger. I don't really have to marry her, do I, sir?"

The colonel bust out laughin'.

"No, indeed," he explains, "she isn't fond of you personally, if that's what you mean. It's just her way of showing her appreciation to America. A special court of claims has just awarded her five thousand francs for damages done to her timber tract, her 'grande bois,' as she calls it. And she has made it her mission to kiss and hug every man in American uniform."

Well, when I come back to life, Colonel Culpepper is raisin' me up from the floor and the chaplain is dashin' cold water into my face. And I'm mutterin' to the effect that I don't want to be the Madame's "grand bois," which is French for large woods. Wasn't I wooden-headed?

* * * *

WELL, I got that job as regimental orderly. Soft snap. And a kilo-eatin' motorcycle.

But I soon got a bad reputation as a speed maniac among the natives o' Beauteamps, thro' which village I generally split the breeze at sixty miles per hour. Some people said I had a grudge against the burg. Others maintained I was trainin' to become a racer.

But there was only one reason why I stepped on the gas gettin' out o' Beauteamps. You see, Madame La Manger lived there! And I was takin' no chances!

NOTICE

HEREAFTER, all editorial and general communications to this publication should be addressed to The American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Indiana, where the Legion's official magazine will be printed beginning with the December 19th issue. Advertising correspondence should be addressed, as heretofore, to either the eastern advertising office of the Weekly, 331 Madison Avenue, New York City, or the Western Advertising Office, 22 W. Monroe Street, Chicago.

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An Ark of Yankee Genius

(Continued from page 8)

is to see on this top deck we are pledged by our guide not to be too explicit, for what is printed here might by chance fall into the hands of the agent of some foreign government who would be tempted to profit by adopting the product of Yankee brains to a ship of his own navy. And plane carriers, as perhaps you have suspected if you followed closely the discussions of the naval disarmament conference, are coming to be regarded as of extremely vital importance these days; they represent, in fact, the only type of auxiliary craft which that conference placed under limitations. We are allowed to build all the subs and destroyers and light cruisers we like, but the pact limits the United States and Great Britain to a tonnage in plane carriers totaling only 135,000.

At present, we have only the *Langley* in that classification, and even this ship is regarded as yet as experimental; but profiting by what that experiment has taught us about what the proper model should be, we now are building two new first line plane carriers which are to be the last word in modernity and efficiency.

Our two new carriers, designed especially for the purpose, are the *Lexington* and the *Saratoga*. They will be commissioned early next year. Each is 874 feet long, with a beam of 104 feet and 33,000 normal tonnage. They will have a speed of more than 22 knots an hour, two-thirds as fast as battle cruisers; and they will carry more planes than the new carriers which Great Britain and Japan will launch next year.

They will carry huge fuel tanks with twice the capacity of the *Langley* and their single funnel and lone mast located together at one side of the great landing deck will set them apart among other vessels of the Fleet. The planes will be housed below decks in specially equipped hangars and will be hoisted by means of electric elevators. They will be launched by means of catapults. The catapults are an American development which has not been approached by other navies where the planes must fly off the landing decks into the wind.

While England to-day has more naval seaplanes in service than all other nations combined, the United States is as far if not farther advanced than others in that arm of the service. Besides the catapult our torpedo planes have been developed to a point not even approximated elsewhere. The most important planes aboard the new carriers will be the torpedo planes, capable of taking off and flying ahead of the Fleet. Protected by smoke screens laid down by advance squadrons, the torpedo planes can get close to the enemy ships and launch the deadly weapons at effective range. Much of the development work in this connection has been done aboard the *Langley*.

Besides the fuel tanks the new carriers will carry fully equipped repair shops and laboratories modeled after the experimental shops aboard the *Langley*. Aviation men see in the carriers a most important peacetime development as well as a great reserve

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unit in time of war. Mother ships fashioned after the carriers will one of these days be stationed at intervals on all ocean routes where they will be available for repairing and refueling the huge transocean passenger and freight planes flying at two miles a minute speed between the continents.

The device for anchoring such vessels and holding them in position in any depth of water and in storms has been perfected by its inventor, E. R. Armstrong, of Wilmington, Del., and approved by naval officials. In peace or war, whether the planes carry passengers and mails or troops and munitions, the carrier-supply ships will be there as service stations just as garages flank the Lincoln motor highway.

The *Langley*, therefore, will soon be obsolete, but she will go down in naval history as the valiant pioneer.

For'ard on her top deck is the floating aviation field from which machines take off or land while the ship is driving ahead at a speed of fourteen knots or so an hour. How effective, even in this stage of experiment, her devices are for this work is evident from a look at the hospital books, which show that in two years the *Langley* has had only two really serious accidents, and that even in these no one was killed.

When you follow your guide aft to the landing deck and hear him tell how, with the ship plunging ahead at full speed and her stern flopping up and down, these landings are made on ship-board at sea, you marvel that the casualty list isn't higher and longer. Here is a highly ingenious Yankee device to catch and hold a landing plane to the ship's deck. Concerning the precise nature of that device, we are, of course, pledged to secrecy. You admire its cleverness tremendously—but that small patch of sea-tossed deck looks rather skimpy as a landing field. And what's the life net for, which hangs just over the stern plates?

"Well, it's like this," the conducting officer observes grimly. "If you plunge in too low and smack against the ship's stern, of course you get killed. If you skim just a little higher and flop into that net, maybe you have a chance. Otherwise, all O. K. Light anywhere on the after deck, where you should, and you're perfectly safe. But, of course, we can't guarantee to keep the stern of the ship from jumping up and down when a sea is running high. A flier simply has to take those chances. If he comes down too far forward he may be able, if he acts quickly, to swoop on up again. One of our boys did that

not long ago and came back after a circle or two in the air without a scratch. I'll show you all that next if you'll step down for a minute into the projection room."

A theater in miniature, with a few chairs drawn up before a screen which is about the size of the top of a business man's desk is the "projection room."

"Lights out!" the guide commands, "and run off a couple of reels of landings for us."

The porthole curtains drop and the electric lights dim. Upon the tiny screen flashes a series of motion pictures of planes making landings on the *Langley's* deck. Those landings are made so swiftly that the eye ordinarily wouldn't have half a chance to note what happened. These movies are all taken with "slow motion" cameras which give dozens of "shots" in the time your eye would have but a glimpse. They are not shot for amusement but for scientific study of ways to improve the landing mechanism; and no plane ever lands without a movie being taken of it. Then if anything goes amiss the camera record shows what it was and the Invention Department is ordered to get busy to remedy the defect. How the picture machine is kept aimed at the plane every moment is explained by another piece of Yankee ingenuity; the camera is attached to the end of a pole and the operator simply aims down the pole like a shot gun marksman following the flight of a clay pigeon.

"We owe a lot to the movies," our guide comments in conclusion. "Fact is, we couldn't have done much without their aid. This concludes the morning's entertainment—and I hope that now you'll understand us better."

Here is one visitor who will testify that he went away not only with a better understanding, but also mightily impressed. Nothing else that he ever saw afloat, not even the watchwork mechanism of a submarine, appears to him to compare with the plane carrier in fascination. Of course, he'd like to see that humorous short story written, too—but to print it without also telling of the "serious side" would really be a crime. In the future, perhaps, we'd better drop the joshing altogether and conclude merely with an aviator's toast heard in a café at Colon shortly after the famous bombing incident which involved the three ripe tomatoes:

"Here's to the *Langley*, boys—and long may she rave!"

Member-Getting Methods That Work

AS the posts and departments of the Legion find themselves in the midst of the campaign to enroll before January 1, 1925, as many members as they have had in this year of 1924, the lessons learned in the membership drives of last spring are being studied anew.

Scores of post officials and other Legionnaires, complying with published requests in the Weekly, have told the methods used by their posts to obtain membership renewals and new members


in those earlier drives. One of those who wrote is Rayburn R. Rose, Vice-Commander of Milton Talley Post of Union City, Tennessee. Here is what Mr. Rose says:

"Opportunities were never greater for increased membership in the Legion than now. To obtain new members requires active work, pep and personal contact with the prospect. Sell your prospect on the splendid work that the Legion is doing for the ex-service men.

(Continued on page 24)

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So much is plain, we think. The man with a small income knows without being told that if he buys a motor car, the kind he buys is determined by the size of his pocketbook. So it should be with an investment. There are thousands of securities for sale, and every man should be guided in his selection by the amount of his income and resources, and the responsibilities he has assumed. The millionaire with an income of fifty thousand dollars a year, can lose ten thousand dollars without serious injury to himself or his dependents, and without being obliged to alter his standard of living. If a man's entire capital consists of \$10,000, however, its loss would be a great calamity, and might cripple him financially for the duration of his life.

The rule would seem to be evident, therefore, that the less money a man has the fewer chances he can afford to take with it. The criterion is not what you hope or want to get, but what you can afford to lose.

Some people argue that because their resources are small the return on their investments must be correspondingly high. This seems to us a fallacy, for it should be remembered that the higher the yield is on an investment the less safe the principal of it. Speculative investments must compensate the purchasers for the risks they take, and high yield is the compensation.

Of course, there are many grades of securities. No two are identical in all respects, and so far as safety is concerned they range from the best type of government bond to the wildest of wildcat promotions. Some investments which a business man, for instance, would be fully justified in buying could by no stretch of the imagination be considered suitable for a woman supporting herself in business. A young man is often in a position to take chances that an older man would have no right to take. A married man cannot run the risks a bachelor can. A man entirely dependent upon his earnings is not in a position to incur the risks that a man with an income derived from invested capital can take.

It's all perfectly reasonable. Like a suit of clothes that may fit one man, and be impossible for another to get into, so an investment that you will find appropriate may be absolutely inappropriate for me. The fact remains, however, that investments exist which fit every circumstance, and they can be found with a little patience. Moreover, it is a very wise plan to make certain you have the right one, before you commit yourself. Never be in a rush about investments. You may miss out on one, but like the taxis in New York City, there'll be another one available presently. And it is better to lose a good investment than to buy a poor one, and lose your money.

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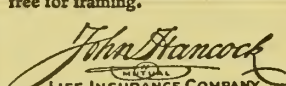
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Notify your members of the next meeting, announcing that refreshments will be served. Boost for a large attendance. Get them out.

"Adopt the following program for your next meeting and the sap will begin to rise in your members for new members: Have the post commander address the meeting pledging his untiring efforts to make the new year the most successful year in the history of the post. Have the commander then call upon every member present to make a few suggestions for the improvement of the post. After every man has had his say and interest in the post is aroused, the commander can challenge the members something like this: 'Fellows, membership is important, we can't put it off, so we must put it over, and I pledge you a new member for our next meeting. Who will call me?' Every member present will accept a challenge. Competition will put the plan across. Get each individual interested in the project. When new members are signed up, put them to work immediately getting more members. If your post meets only once a month, have special meetings during the campaign and keep every man advised of what's going on. Put life into your meetings. Map out a program of community activities for your post, so that interest in the post will keep up.

"The foregoing program was put into effect in Milton Talley Post about the middle of January. Our membership of 22 in 1923 was increased more than 800 percent."

Competition—showing the other fellow what you can do, or, rather, showing up the other fellow, is the basis of the plan that was adopted by John J. Wicker, Jr., Past Commander of the

Department of Virginia, to build up Legion membership in his State during the year of his leadership. A special decoration has been devised for those Legion members who make the grade. Requirements for individuals: (1) pay your own dues; (2) sign up as a member some backslider, a former Legionnaire who has fallen by the wayside; (3) bring into the Legion some eligible veteran who has never belonged to the organization.

The decoration awarded the man who meets these three requirements is an attractive gold pin that can be attached to the Legion button, or the Legion button and 40 and 8 tab. On this honor decoration, which is enamelled in blue, appears a gold chevron. The Department of Virginia has stood the expense of manufacturing the emblem and is furnishing it to posts.

Two Legion posts in neighboring Arkansas county seat towns have given the Legion another good member-getting idea. Frank Freid Post of Mena, was host to the John Tolleson Post of Waldron, at a mutton and beef barbecue held at a schoolhouse midway between the two towns, which are twenty miles apart. The Mena Post was host by reason of the fact that it did not quite equal the surprising record of the Waldron Post in a membership contest which the posts conducted for many weeks. The Waldron Post won the privilege of being guests at the barbecue by signing up 315 members, although its town has but 907 inhabitants and only 430 World War service men live in its entire county. The Mena Post had 215 members when the contest ended, a good showing for a town of 3,000 people in a county which is the home of 490 World War veterans.

They Keep the Home Fires from Burning

(Continued from page 11)

saves money, too, because the post dues are only \$2 a year. The Post finance officer has salted away a large sum of money, invested in interest-bearing securities. Later, when the sum has grown large enough, the post is going to use this money to buy a city park as a memorial to the Lawler men who died in service.

From its early membership of thirty-one the post has grown to fifty members this year, and it is still reaching out to get the eligible men who live in the more distant parts of its county.

The Auxiliary Unit of the post has matched the post in growth and influence. The unit frequently takes part in joint business meetings, socials, dances, dinners and other entertainments.

And this is not all. Redman Post regularly uses the air to let the rest of Iowa know what it is doing. Lawler has a local broadcasting station and the post can furnish words and music any time the microphone calls. How's that for a town of seven hundred persons!

BUDDIES IN DISTRESS

Queries aimed at locating service men whose statements are necessary to substantiate compensation claims should be sent to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 417 Bond Building, Washington, D. C., not to the Weekly. The committee will be glad to assist in finding men after other means have failed, and, if necessary, will advertise through the Weekly. The committee wants to hear from the following:

VINCENT LOUIS BELFOUNTAIN, formerly with 72nd Canadian Battalion when that organization was stationed at Sanscourt, France.

ERNEST R. NEWELL, former 1st Lieut. Det. 447, Depot Engr., and 2ND LIEUT. BELL, Det. 802, Pioneer Infantry, during March and April, 1919, near St. Martin Le Beau, France.

J. T. WILHELM, formerly with 64th Company, 2nd Regt. Marines, wishes to locate HENRY P. WEIL, HENRI DOMINIC, CORP. BAKER and any of the other six men who served with him at Madam Joie, Republic of Haiti, in 1919.

PERCIVAL HALLOWELL, former 1st Lieut., 315th M. G. Bn., 80th Division.

FRANK SCHULTZ, former private 1st Class, Hqrs. Troop, 91st Division.

OSCAR HAMMER, formerly with Company C, 4th Engrs., 4th Division.

LAWRENCE J. MCCARTHY, former private, Med-

ical Corps, who enlisted at Vancouver. Served for a while at Kelly Field, Texas, and was discharged at Camp Lewis.

LEROY FARMER, former Lieut. Air Service Kelly Field, Texas.

DUNDAS R. CAMPBELL, former Lieut., Co. B, 56th Engineer Battalion, who was stationed at Fort Dumont, Vieuxlours, France, in July, 1918, and CAPTAIN JOSEPH PENGILLY, formerly of Company B, 51st Engineers.

ROY FARRIS, former Bugler, Co. A, 314th Engr., at Camp Funston, and former SERGT. BUGLER COLE who was at Camp Funston in 1917.

RAYMOND TWINING BRUFFEY, last address 4417 Virginia Ave., Kansas City.

JOHN SATTLER, formerly of Avon, South Dakota, whose last address was Y. M. C. A. Hotel, Chicago, Illinois.

JESSE WEBB, disabled veteran, whose last address was Boyne City, Mich.

Following members Sanitary Detachment 333rd P. A., 86th Division: SERGT. WALTER C. SCHULZ, ISADORE J. SHURE, SERGT. STANLEY W. KROUSE, LIEUT. JOS. K. SMITH, Med. Corps; CAPT. RUPERT V. GIBBONS, Med. Corps; CAPT. FLOYD G. REED, Med. Corps; MAJOR FRANK DEACON, Med. Corps; LIEUT. ALFRED H. COFFEY, Dental Corps, and others who knew ROMAN A. MCCLATCHER.

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TAPS

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

GEORGE W. ALBERT, Henry P. Pratt, Jr., Post, Caribou, Me. Accidentally killed in Eureka, Cal., Nov. 8. Served with Hq. Co., 56th Arty., C. A. C.

JOHN J. GIBBONS, Thomas A. O'Brien Post, New York City. D. Nov. 11. Served with Co. K, 165th Inf., 42d Div.

ERNEST W. GRAHAM, Elgin (Ore.) Post. Killed in train wreck, Oct. 27. Served with Co. E, 21st Inf.

JOHN A. HOOK, Indiana (Pa.) Post. D. Oct. 10, aged 35. Served with 6th Div.

CARL O. JOHNSON, Samuel H. Young Post, New York City. D. at Saranac Lake, N. Y., Nov. 12, aged 28. Served with 6th Regt. Marines, 2d Div.

EDWARD G. KEEFER, New Rochelle (N. Y.) Post. D. Nov. 16, aged 37. Served in U. S. N. R. F. and with 415th M. S. Tr., Q. M. C.

FRANK MCCABE, Disabled Veterans Post, New Haven, Conn. D. Oct. 4, aged 41.

DR. THEODORE A. MCGRAW, Fred W. Beaudry Post, Detroit, Mich. D. Oct. 13. Lt. Col., Base Hosp. No. 36, A. E. F.

ROBERT R. MILLER, Bunker Hill Post, Charlestown, Mass. Accidentally killed, Sept. 16. Served in Trans. Corps, Brest, France.

JAMES D. MOORE, South Buffalo Post, Buffalo, N. Y. D. Sept. 25. Served with Co. G, 306th Inf., 77th Div.

ODEAN MYHRE, Lundberg-Lee Post, Hartland, Minn. D. Nov. 8, aged 26. Served with Co. I, 136th Inf., 34th Div.

WILLIAM PHILP, Mamaroneck (N. Y.) Post. D. at U. S. Hospital 98, Beacon, N. Y., Nov. 5, aged 25. Served with 51st Pioneer Inf.

GEORGE RICE, Albany County Post, Laramie, Wis. D. Nov. 15, aged 41. Served with 12th Vet. Hosp.

ARTHUR ROSS, Emlyn H. Evans Post, Bangor, Pa. Killed Aug. 22, aged 31. Served with Co. G, 30th Inf., 3rd Div.

RALPH S. TIBBETTS, Aarvig-Campbell Post, Pontiac, Ill. Drowned, Nov. 9, aged 25. Served with Machine Gun Co., 129th Inf., 33d Div.

GEORGE V. TIMLIN, Indiana (Pa.) Post. D. Oct. 15, aged 28. Served in Navy.

J. GILBERT WILSON, Park Slope Post, Brooklyn, N. Y. D. Oct. 31. Served with U. S. Army Ambulance Service and with 3rd Italian Army.

WADE ZINK, Willman-Fee Post, Wessington Springs, S. D. Accidentally killed, Oct. 14, aged 24. Served with 36th Inf.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

1ST GAS REGT.—Dinner, reunion and organization of New York-New Jersey association at National Democratic Club, Madison Ave. and 37th St., New York City, Dec. 6, evening. Address Francis Phipps, Room 2700, Municipal Bldg., New York.

BATTERY F, 305TH F. A.—Sixth annual dinner at Michelob Restaurant, 119 E. 28th St., New York City, Dec. 6, at 7 p.m. Address N. E. Anderson, 31 E. 31st St., New York.

Co. D, 308TH INF.—Reunion of former members of Capt. Belvidere Brooks' command at Elks Club, 108 W. 43d St., New York City, Dec. 6. Address Bill Tighe, 55 W. 105th St., New York.

U. S. BASE HOSPITAL No. 19—Fourth annual reunion and banquet at Teall's, 263 East Ave., Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 13, evening. Address John Christie, Kislisbury St., Rochester.

Co. C, 22d U. S. INF.—Members of this outfit during its stay at Fort Jay, N. Y., in 1917, interested in proposed reunion write Chris E. Mulrain, Broadway and John St., South Amboy, N. J.

5TH SUPPLY TRAINS—Former members of the Provisional and Regular 5th Supply Train, 1st Army Supply Train and Motor Shop units attached thereto are asked to write Major Oral E. Clark, Infantry (D. O. L.) U. S. Army, 22 Municipal Bldg., Chattanooga, Tenn.

328TH F. A.—Second annual reunion planned for June, 1925. Address Adjutant, 328th F. A. Veterans' Assn., 209 Elm St., Grand Rapids, Mich., or C. N. Carlton, 717 N. Pine St., Lansing, Mich.

BRITANNY LEAVE AREA—Former members, permanent personnel and members of the Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross staffs are asked to send their addresses to permanent secretary so that notices may be sent of reunion at National Convention of American Legion in Omaha in 1925. Address Clifford Powell, 401 Reed St., Red Oak, Ia.



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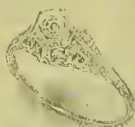
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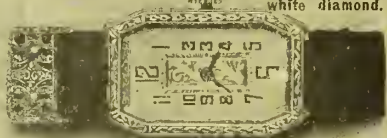
BY1—Lady's 18K white gold ring; hexagon center set with perfect cut blue white diamond. \$22.



BY2—Lady's Elite ring; perfect cut blue white diamond is set in 18K white gold prongs. 18K natural gold shank. \$65.



BY3—Lady's 20 K white gold orange blossom ring set in 9/4 Carat size 18K white gold cup with a perfect cut blue white diamond. \$75.



BY4—Lady's rectangular shank wrist watch of solid 14K white gold; highest grade 15 ruby and sapphire jewelled movement. Lifetime guarantee. \$77.



BY8—Platinum front. Scarf pin set with perfect cut blue white diamond; 14 K white gold pln. \$27.50.



BY9—Lady's 7 diamond cluster ring 18K white gold. Each side of diamond center is set with a triangular shaped sapphire; looks like \$750 solitaire. \$67.50



BY10—Diamond set 14K solid white gold; set in platinum with 4 perfect cut blue white diamonds; highest grade 15 jewelled movement. Lifetime guarantee. \$42.50.



BY11—Lady's face design ring of 18K white gold, set with perfect cut blue white diamond. \$45.



BY12—Solid platinum face work design lady's ring set with a perfect cut blue white diamond of first quality. \$109.



BY13—Lady's platinum set 7 diamond cluster ring; 20 K white gold shank. resembles \$750 solitaire. \$57.50.



BY6—Lady's 18K white gold ring; center set with absolutely perfect, blue white diamond; two flawless diamonds on sides. \$100.



BY7—Lady's genuine Bohemian onyx set with perfect cut blue white diamond; 14 K white gold shank. \$18.50.



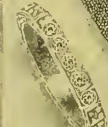
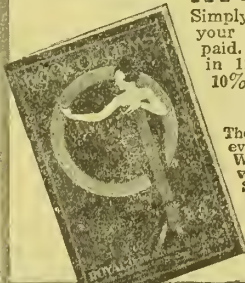
BY14—Three perfectly matched blue white diamonds set in 18K white gold top; 18K white or green gold shank. \$75.



BY15—Gentleman's 18K white gold ring; center set with a perfect cut blue white diamond; French blue sapphires on sides. \$75.



BY16—Gentleman's platinum set 7 diamond cluster ring; 18K white gold octagon top; 14K green gold shank; resembles \$900 solitaire. \$90.



BY17—Wedding ring of 18K white gold set with five perfectly matched blue white diamonds. \$35.



BY18—Lady's 7 diamond platinum set cluster diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$600 solitaire. \$48.50.

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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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Bursts and Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Ind.

Fascinating Subject

"Faint heart," quoted Smith, "ne'er won fair lady."

"On the other hand," objected Jones, "the only reason that good looking nurse accepted young Meggs was because she was so frightfully interested in his cardiac trouble."

Easy, Though

"Do you carry flivvers?" asked the prospective purchaser as he entered the automobile salesrooms.

"Well, I can," modestly replied the manager, "but I don't feel just like it this morning."

It Seemed Longer

Mrs. Duncan: "My husband is so forgetful. He never remembers to mail my letters."

Mrs. Jimpson: "Mine is worse, my dear. Why, at our wooden wedding anniversary last week he gave me a gold bracelet!"

Post Volstead

Westerner: "You say you found a rattlesnake in bed with you this morning? Why didn't you kill it?"

Easterner: "I didn't pay much attention to it. I thought I was just seeing it."

Liquid Edition

"You can't always tell a book by its cover!" chuckled the gay old bachelor, as he reached up for his hollowed-out, zinc-lined copy of Shakespeare.

The Sheik's Recipe

Treat 'er rough—she'll like you better. Strut your stuff, an' that'll get 'er. Do not beg 'er, do not yammer; Soak 'er with a husky hammer! Never, never say: "Dear, willya?" Always say: "Ya won't? I'll killya!" She'll remember blows an' beatin's. Longer than your love an' eatin's. An' remember times you've missed 'er. Longer than the times you kissed 'er. Treat 'er rough!

—George A. Wright.

A Social Error

"But we were only fifteen minutes getting here!" expostulated the f re.

"I don't give a hang about that," snarled the taxi driver. "The clock says we've come twenty miles. Now, you fork over!"

"All right," assented the fare, forking. "Now get ready to come with me for driving eighty miles an hour. I'm a speed cop."

A Matter for Speculation

Judge: "But what were you fighting with Horrigan about?"

Casey: "Sure, I'm under oath, Yer Honor, so I don't care to do much guessin'."

Oh, Happy Day!

They've invented a permanent wave for the ladies, but a man must still slave

With his razor, and pray
For the dawn of the day
That will bring him a permanent shave.
—D. D.

Held Down

"You have sworn to tell nothing but the truth," cautioned the judge.

"Nothing but the truth?" gasped the fair witness.

"Precisely."

"Well, Judge, with that limitation on me, I might as well warn you that I'm not going to have much to say."

Down Among De Daisies

Miss Jane was settin' by mah side
Down among de daisies;
I axed Miss Jane to be mah bride,
Down among de daisies.
I twis' a blossom in her hair,
Den got down on mah knees to swear
Dat she alone mah heart could share,
Down among de daisies.

I called Miss Jane a turtle dove,
Down among de daisies;
I feel, sez I, de strings of love,
Down among de daisies;
But 'twarnt dat spark widin my breas'
Made Jane scoot eas' an' me scoot wes'—
It was dat dawgone hornets' nes'
Down among de daisies!

—William Shipman.

The Greater Hero

General (haughtily): "I went to the war and defended your home!"

Statesman (more haughtily): "Yes, and I stayed at home and defended your war!"

Still On Its Way

This country's going straight to heck.
My grand-dad told me so.
The old gent ought to know.
I asked him why he was so sure.
He said, long years and years ago,
His grand-dad told him so.

—J. P. R.

Growing Cold

Bride: "I don't think you love me as you did, George."
Husband: "What makes you think so, honey?"

"For three days now you haven't been arrested for speeding on your way home."

Say It With Roses

There once was a charming young maid,
Whose color was starting to fade.

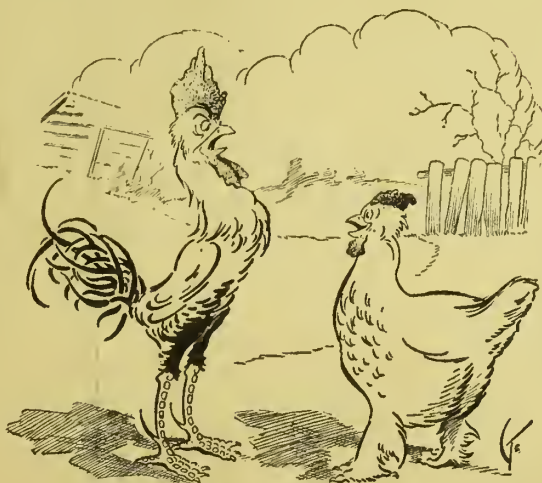
"Never mind now, my dear,"
Said her lover sincere,
"I'll bring you some—when I get paid."

—M. T. F.

Straight As a Dye

"You are an habitual criminal!" roared the judge. "I'll wager you cannot tell of one honest thing you have ever done."

"Sure I can!" retorted the prisoner indignantly. "Didn't I ring up 'No sale' when I opened the cash register in the hold-up?"



"Why, you're up before breakfast this morning, Mrs. Biddy."

"Yes, I thought I'd get my laying done early and have the rest of the day to myself."

An Eye to Business

Stranger in Town: "Pardon me, but I'd like to get to the capitol building."

Policeman: "Aw' right. What'll there be in it fer me if I vote fer ye?"

Short Poem

ODE TO MY WASHERWOMAN
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Song of the Months

Our tropic nature shrinks anew
As winter holds, and so we pan
This month, whose coal bills make us blue—
Jan.

We like to look at snowy views
On post cards; but the icy web
Of this month can't make us enthuse—
Feb.

But on the gusty gales we hear
The song that lifts our hopes to par;
And so these windy weeks are dear—
Mar.

—Thomas J. Murray.

The Difference

The optimist cried: "Holy smoke!
This life of ours is just a joke!"
Replied the pessimistic cuss:
"Exactly, and the joke's on us."

Good Night!

Me? Marry him? Sweet cats! Good NIGHT!

I ain't that crazy, Mame, not quite.
Why, Mame, he's old, his hair is gray,
He's forty, Mame, if he's a day,
And what he likes, I think is punk;
Old poetry and highbrow junk.
I will admit, he's got the class,
And as for money, he can pass,
For introductions he's all right.
But marry him! Sweet cats! Good NIGHT!

The truth is, Mame, I use this guy
To get to know swell people by.
Just wait till I meet some nice lad
As rich, and twice as young, and bad;
Then I'll get rid of him, you bet;
The truth is, Mame, I need him yet.
But, oy! Sweet cats! He's such a goop!
Me? Marry him? Good NIGHT! Hot SOUP!

What ails you, Mame? You look so queer—
You mean to say—the goop is here?
He's waiting for me, right in there?
Good NIGHT! Sweet cats! Give me some air!

You mean to say—the poor fish heard?
Good NIGHT! You never said a word!
Now honest, Mame, that wasn't square;
You've let me cook my goose for fair.
He's gone? I guess he's gone, all right,
And gone for keeps. Sweet cats!
Good NIGHT!

—Donald R. Turnbull.

Two Generations

Father

Midnight oil,
Grinding toil,
The fight is won.

Son

Midnight gas,
A lass, alas!
It's all undone.
—J. L. Sherard.

So to Speak

In 1824

Mother: "Why are you shortening your petticoat?"

Daughter: "Because they're not wearing them so long."

In 1924

Mother: "Why are you leaving your petticoat at home?"

Daughter: "Because they're not wearing them. So long!"

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